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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Christmas Box. London, Ainsworth.

Come hither, come hither, all my good and pretty little masters and misses; and I will give you the first peep into the most delightful Christmas Box that you ever saw. What do you think of so great an author as Sir Walter Scott, who has for years enchanted your imaginations and papas, and uncles and aunts, and grandfathers and grandmothers—what do you think of his writing a grand heroic ballad to adorn an "Annual," prepared expressly for you, among the number of beautiful volumes, of the same kind, made for elder people, such as the *Forget-Me-Not*, the *Souvenir*, the *Friendship's Offering*, the *Amulet*, the *Pledge of Friendship*, the *Bijou*, and the *Keepsake*? For my part, I think it extremely good and kind of him; and I am pleased to see many distinguished individuals joined with him in the amiable task of producing a book fit to amuse and instruct you, my dear young friends and future readers. I observe among them Lady Charlotte Bury, who has just now read her sex as just a lesson on the silly and dangerous vice of Flirtation; Lord F. Levison Gower, a youthful nobleman of the highest rank and most splendid fortune, but more eminent by his talents and love of literature; Mr. Lockhart, the accomplished author of many poetic and dramatic works in prose and verse; Mr. Theodore Hook, one of the wittiest men of this or any other age; Mr. Charles Lamb, a sweet poet, imbued with all the simple charms of ancient minstrelsy; Dr. Maginn, who combines profound learning with all the spirit of lighter modern literature; besides other very clever writers; not to mention Mr. Ainsworth, the publisher (who has shewn that he can contribute as well to the contents of a volume as he can to its progress from the press); nor Mr. Crofton Croker, the Editor, whose *Fairy Legends*, and description of the South of Ireland, have so finely illustrated the superstitions and feelings of that country. These seem to be, and are, quite a host for a little Christmas Box like this; but perhaps it has another merit, which will still further recommend it—fifty wood engravings, from the fertile pencil of that excellent artist Mr. W. H. Brooke. I wish I could get one or two of these to let you see, by way of sample, how ornamental and entertaining they are!

Never having spoken in the first person before, we find it no very singular, that we must re-adopt our accustomed *W*; which we do, to say very briefly, that this forthcoming Annual meets with our hearty approbation. It enters into no competition with others, but takes up an entirely new line, and is expressly addressed

to children (with perhaps the exception of Sir Walter Scott's more mature national ballad). There are fairy tales, stories of knights and giants, and, above all, an admirable history of the late war (from the pen of Mr. Lockhart), adapted to the capacity of juvenile readers. But our best mode of exhibiting the character of this Christmas Box will be by opening it and displaying some of its contents. The following simple narrative is enough to make the publication a universal favourite in Scotland, where it will be felt and understood.

Little Willie Bell.—By Mr. Lockhart.

"In Scotland, at every church door there is a stool and a broad pewter plate upon it, and every one that goes to church is expected to put something into the plate, as he passes it, for the poor of the parish. Gentlemen and ladies put in shillings and half-crowns, or more if they be very rich; but working men and their wives, and any one that is not very poor indeed, would be ashamed to go by the plate without putting in a penny or a halfpenny, to help the old frail people, and the blind and lame, who are not able to work and win money for themselves. It is the custom of good ladies and gentlemen in that country to give each of their children a halfpenny or a penny, or more if they can afford it, every Sunday morning, to put into the plate. And they do this, that their children may learn betimes to think of the hard condition of poor, frail, blind people, and how right it is for us to help them in their distress. I have told you these things, because if you did not know them, you would not be so well able to understand a story which I once heard told in Scotland. Long ago, there was a good worthy clergyman in that country, called Mr. Bell: he was very charitable and kind, and all the poor people loved him exceedingly. One Saturday an old schoolfellow, whom Mr. Bell had not seen for many years, came to visit him. Mr. Bell was very glad to see his schoolfellow, and invited him to stay there for a few days; and he agreed to do so. And Mrs. Bell prepared the best bed-room in the house for this gentleman, whose name was Major Lindsay; and the major had ridden a long journey, so he retired into the bed-room to change his dress before dinner; and this took up some time. He was about an hour in the bed-room by himself. They then dined, and after dinner Mr. Bell asked for the children, and they were brought into the parlour. The major was much pleased with the children, for they were very quiet. There were three of them, all girls, Jane, Mary, and Susan. But Jane was a good deal older than the others. The major took Susan on his knee, and kissed her, and then he looked round, and said to Mrs. Bell, 'These are fine little girls, but where is the pretty boy that came into my room while I was dressing?' 'These are all the children we have, major,' said Mrs. Bell. 'I wonder who it could be, then,' said the major: 'I was sitting by my bedside, when I saw a little, thin, white hand put through the round hole

that is in the door; and it lifted the latch gently, and a very pretty little boy, with long brown curled hair, but rather pale and sickly in his appearance, came in. He did not look at me, but walked across the room very softly, as if he feared to disturb me; and he went into the room beyond mine, and I saw no more of him.' The lady, when she heard this, put her handkerchief to her face, and went out of the room with her children. The major was sorry to see Mrs. Bell discomposed, but could not understand the reason of it, until Mr. Bell told him: 'I do not know (said he) who this little boy could be; but about a year ago we lost our only son, and what you said brought back my poor little Willie to his mother's mind; for he had a pale complexion, and his hair was very fine, and hung in pretty curls over his neck. He was a beautiful child.' These two old friends remained silent for a little while, and then talked of other matters. The major told Mr. Bell about the wars in America, where he had been for many years with his regiment; and Mr. Bell told the major what had happened to others of their schoolfellows, while he was so far away from Scotland. Mrs. Bell was in good spirits again, when the gentlemen went to tea; and they were all very gay and happy the rest of the evening. Next morning, after breakfast, the major took Mr. Bell into the garden, and said—'This is a very odd thing: this morning I awoke very early, and presently the same little, thin, white hand appeared opening the latch of the door. The pale boy with the long curled hair came in just as before, and walked through the room into the closet. I was surprised, and got up and entered the closet after him. He was on his knees, scratching, as if he wanted to lift up one of the boards of the floor. I went close to him, and was just going to touch his shoulder, when suddenly, I can't tell how, he contrived to disappear; and I found myself alone in the closet. After a little, I began to examine the board he had been scratching: I found it loose, and lifted it, and here is a sixpence I saw lying on the ground below it.' Mr. Bell looked very grave when he heard this. He took the sixpence from the major, and seemed to be vexed with the story. While he was thinking how it could be, the children came running out of the house: Mr. Bell called to them, and, shewing them the sixpence, said, 'Come, my dears, can any of you tell me any thing of this? here is a sixpence, which the major has found under a loose board in the floor of the little closet that is beyond his bedroom.' Mary and little Susan shook their heads, and said nothing; but Jane, the eldest, blushed; and her papa saw she knew something that she did not like to tell. 'Come, Jane,' said he, 'speak the truth; and I shall forgive you, whatever you have done.' 'Indeed, papa,' said Jane, 'it was not I that put the sixpence there.' 'Then who put it there?' said Mr. Bell. And then the tears came running over Jane's cheeks, and she said, 'Oh, papa, I think it was poor Willie: the Sunday

† Since writing this, we have procured two of the cuts from the story of the *Golden As*, which, to shew that we are the best-natural critics in the world, we insert for the amusement of that happy class to whom this Review is principally addressed. The first represents the man transformed into the beast; and the second his regaining his original shape.

before he died, you gave him a sixpence to put into the plate, and he had a halfpenny of his own, and he put the halfpenny into the plate, and kept the sixpence; but Willie did not tell me where he hid it.' Mr. Bell shook his head; and the major saw that the tears were standing in his eyes. He said nothing for some time; but at last the church bell began to ring, and then he gave the sixpence to Jane, and bade her put it into the plate the same morning. Major Lindsay stayed some days at Mr. Bell's; but neither he nor any body else ever saw any thing more of the little pale boy."

The Enchanted Ass and the Battle of the Frogs and Mice are equally well told, and not the worse for being founded on the classical authorities of Apuleius and (not) Homer.

The subjoined playful effusion is not unworthy of Mr. Hook.

Cautionary Verses to Youth of both Sexes.

"My readers may know that to all the editions of Entick's Dictionary, commonly used in schools, there is prefixed 'A Table of Words that are alike, or nearly alike, in Sound, but different in Spelling and Signification.' It must be evident that this table is neither more nor less than an early provocation to punning; the whole mystery of which vain art consists in the use of words, the sound and sense of which are at variance. In order, if possible, to check any disposition to punnery in youth, which may be fostered by this table, I have thrown together the following adaptation of Entick's hints to young beginners, hoping thereby to afford a warning, and exhibit a deformity to be avoided, rather than an example to be followed; at the same time shewing the caution children should observe in using words which have more than one meaning."

My little dears, who learn to read,
Pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed
Which people call a pun.
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found
How simple an offence
It is to make the selfsame sound
Afford a double sense.

For instance, *also* may make you *all*,
Your *quest* an *ant* may kill,
You in a *role* may buy a *veil*,
Or if to France your bark you steer,
At Dover it may be,
A *peer* appears upon the pier,
Who, blind, still goes to sea.

Thus one might say, when to a treat
Good friends accept our greeting,
'Tis meet that men who *meet* to eat
Should eat their *meet* when meeting.
Brawn on the *board* is no love indeed,
Although from *beer* prepared;
Nor can the *foal*, on which we feed,
Foul feeding be declared.

Thus one ripe fruit may be a *pear*,
And yet be *paree* again,
And still be *one*, which seemeth rare
Until we do explain.
It therefore should be all your aim
To speak with ample care:
For who, however fond of game,
Would choose to swallow *hair*?

A fat man's *gait* may make us smile,
Who has no *gate* to close;
The farmer sitting on his *stile*
No *style* his person knows.
Perfumers men of *scent* must be;
Some *scilly* men are bright;
A brown roan oft *deep* road we see,
A black a wicked *weight*.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have,
However vulgar they;
And actors still the harder *slave*,
The oftener they *play*.
No poet can't the *best* obtain
Unless their tailors choose;
While grooms and coachmen not in vain
Each evening seek the *Mews*.

The *oper*, who by *dying* lives,
A *dire* life maintains;
The glazier, it is known, receives
His profits from his *pane*.
By gardeners *thyme* is tied, 'tis true,
When spring is in its prime;
But *time* or *tile* won't wait for you
If you are tied for *time*.

Then now you see, my little dears,
The way to make a pun;
A trick which you, through coming years,
Should seditiously shun.
The fault admits of no defence;
For whoso'er 'tis found,
You sacrifice the sound for sense,
The sense is never sound.

So let your words and actions too

One single meaning prove,
And, just in all you say or do,
You'll gain esteem and love.
In mirth and play no harm you'll know,
When duty's task is done;
But parents ne'er should let ye go
Unpunished for a pun."

For variety's sake, we add the ballad already alluded to: a stirring example of Sir Walter Scott.*

The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

"James Grahame, of Claverhouse (pronounced Clavers), was created Viscount of Dundee by King James the Second, in reward of his distinguished military services. 'Bonny Dundee' was one of the handsomest and bravest of men—enthusiastic and melancholy of temper—courtious and amiable in all the ordinary intercourse of life, and passionately beloved by his soldiers, for his skill and valour, and the patience with which he partook every hardship and privation of warfare; but capable of terrible severities when he thought the king's service would be promoted by them, and consequently abhorred by those against whom he fought,—as indeed his memory is execrated among their descendants to this day. Lord Dundee had served some campaigns in his youth under the command of William Prince of Orange: he is said to have saved the prince's life in the battle of Senefels; and to have been deeply offended afterwards by the refusal of promotion in the prince's army. It was not wonderful, therefore, that when William took possession of the throne of Great Britain, this great soldier adhered to the cause of his old master and friend James the Second. He immediately went into the Highlands of Scotland, where he had great power among the wild tribes and their chieftains, and began to raise an army in the name of that unfortunate and misguided prince. The following song is descriptive of his leaving Edinburgh upon this errand. The 'Lords of Convention,' who had then the chief authority in Scotland, and the town's people of Edinburgh, who were generally attached to the cause of William, would fain have hindered him; but they durst not. He galloped boldly through the city, and in the course of a few weeks was at the head of a considerable army of Highlanders. King William's troops, under General M'Kay, followed him into the highland country, and met him on the 16th of July, 1690, in the pass of Killcrankie, where Dundee totally defeated them. But he fell mortally wounded in the very moment of victory, and the loss of him so discouraged the Highlanders that they dispersed themselves among their mountains, and in a short time the whole country was reduced to subjection and quiet by King William's army."

* Upon this extract we have to observe, that its publication in the *Literary Gazette* is authorised, and the copyright reserved. No one can accuse us of illiberality in preventing, or even complaining of, the general use made by the periodical press of articles which often cost us dear. We leave it to the good taste and discretion of our contemporaries to determine what ought to be considered our property, and what, on the other hand, they might fairly copy from us.

To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Clavers who spoke,
Ere the king's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke;

So each cavalier, who loves honour and merriment,
Let him follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men;
Come, open the west-port, and let me go free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted—he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backwards, the drums they are beat;
But the provost, douse man, said, 'Just c'en let him be,
The town is weel quit of that d'ell o' Dundee.'

Come, fill up, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified benches of the Bow,
Each carline was fying and shaking her pow;
But some young plants of grace—they look'd coothie and alee,
Thinking 'luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee.'

Come, fill up, &c.

With four-seated saints the Grass-market was pang'd,
As if half the west had set tryste to be hang'd;
There was spite in each face, there was fear in each eye,
As they watch'd for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

These crows of Kilmarnock had spit and had sporn,
And lang-shafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-bands, and the causeway left free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

He spur'd to the foot of the high castle rock,
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke—
'Let Mome Meg and her marrow three volleys let fire,
For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.'

Come, fill up, &c.

The Gordon has ask'd of him whether he goes—
'Wherever shall guide me the spirit of Mornie;
Your grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.'

Come, fill up, &c.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's horns in the Southland, there's chiefs in the North;

There are wild dunnie-vassels, three thousand thousand,
Will cry ho! for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

'Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.'

Come, fill up, &c.

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen roar'd on,
Till on Raveston crags and on Clevenston he
Died away the wild war-note of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men;
Fling all your gates open, and let me go free,
For 'tis up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."



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The Red Rover. By the Author of *The Prairie, the Spy, &c.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

THE most original, as well as most interesting of transatlantic writers, Mr. Cooper is, if not quite the founder, at least at the head of American romance. If we except Brown, whose genius, from his early death, was but a tree of promise too soon destroyed, but who at least opened the rich veins of the mine which others were to work; and the unknown author of *Logan*, Seventy-six, (which contained some most vivid sketches of scenes during the American war,) and Brother Jonathan—three of about as extraordinary works as ever appeared—full of faults, but still full of power; if we except these, there is no rival near Mr. Cooper's throne. Three of his novels, the *Pioneers*, the *Last of the Mohicans*, and the *Prairie*, are as valuable for their historic accuracy as they are interesting in point of detail: the *Indians*, those Romans of savage nations, the semi-barbarous back-settlers, and the gradual steps of civilisation, were drawn with the hand of a master. In the work before us, the writer has pursued the path which the *Pilot* found so successful; and we must say we think it superior to its predecessors: the story is unabatingly interesting, and the characters brought into fine contrast one with another: several scenes are quite dramatic in their effect. The great fault lies in the last dozen pages; it is scarcely possible for a book, that ends at all, to end in a more unsatisfactory manner: still, if there is discontent in the finish of the story, there is ample to excite and interest in the progress. The *Red Rover*, though a little, just the least in the world, too melodramatic, is, nevertheless, a very fine fellow; and we cannot do better than introduce him to the reader.

His person was slight, but afforded the promise of exceeding agility, and even of vigour, especially when contrasted with his stature, which was scarcely equal to the medium height of man. His skin had been dawning as that of woman, though a deep red, which had taken possession of the lower lineaments of his face, and which was particularly conspicuous on the outline of a fine aquiline nose, served to destroy all appearance of effeminacy. His hair was like his complexion, fair, and fell about his temples in rich, glossy, and exuberant curls. His mouth and chin were beautiful in their formation; but the former was a little scornful, and the two together bore a decided character of voluptuousness. The eye was blue, full, without being prominent; and though in common placid, and even soft, there were moments when it seemed a little unsettled and wild."

The other hero is a young British seaman, who, lounging about the shore, attracts the attention of him described above, who invites him on board a ship lying off the coast. He arrives, and is ushered into the cabin.

"The apartment in which our adventurer now found himself, afforded no bad illustration of the character of its occupant. In its form and proportions it was a cabin of the usual size and arrangements; but in its furniture and equipments it exhibited a singular admixture of luxury and martial preparation. The lamp, which swung from the upper deck, was of solid silver; and, though adapted to its present situation by mechanical ingenuity, there was that in its shape and ornaments which betrayed it had once been used before some shrine of a far

more sacred character. Massive candlesticks, of the same precious metal, and which partook of the same ecclesiastical formation, were on a venerable table, whose mahogany was glittering with the polish of half a century, and whose gilded claws and carved supporters bespoke an original destination very different from the ordinary service of a ship. A couch, covered with cut velvet, stood along the transom; while a divan, of blue silk, lay against the bulkhead opposite, manifesting, by its fashion, its materials, and its piles of pillows, that even Asia had been made to contribute to the ease of its luxurious owner. In addition to these prominent articles, there were cut-glass mirrors, plate, and even hangings; each of which, by something peculiar in its fashion or materials, bespoke an origin different from that of its neighbour. In short, splendour and elegance seemed to have been much more consulted than propriety, or conformity in taste, in the selection of most of those articles which had been, oddly enough, made to contribute to the caprice or to the comfort of their singular possessor. In the midst of this medley of wealth and luxury appeared the frowning appendages of war. The cabin included four of those dark cannon whose weight and number had been first to catch the attention of Wilder. Notwithstanding they were placed in such close proximity to the articles of ease just enumerated, it only needed a seaman's eye to perceive that they stood ready for instant service, and that five minutes of preparation would strip the place of all its tinsel, and leave it a warm and well-protected battery. Pistols, sabres, half-pikes, boarding-axes, and all the minor implements of marine warfare, were arranged about the cabin in such a manner as to aid in giving it an appearance of short embellishment, while, at the same time, each was convenient to the hand. Around the mast was placed a stand of muskets: and strong wooden bars, that were evidently made to fit in brackets on either side of the door, sufficiently shewed that the bulkhead might easily be converted into a barrier. The entire arrangement proclaimed that the cabin was considered the citadel of the ship. In support of this latter opinion appeared a hatch, which evidently communicated with the apartments of the inferior officers, and which also opened a direct passage into the magazine. These dispositions, a little different from what he had been accustomed to see, instantly struck the eye of Wilder, though leisure was not then given to reflect on their uses and objects. There was a latent expression of satisfaction, something modified, perhaps, by irony, on the countenance of the stranger in green, as he arose, on the entrance of his visitor. The two stood several moments without speaking, when the pretended barrier saw fit to break the awkward silence. 'To what happy circumstance is this ship indebted for the honour of such a visit?' he demanded. 'I believe I may answer, to the invitation of her captain,' Wilder answered, with a steadiness and calmness equal to that displayed by the other. 'Did he shew you his commission, in assuming that office? They say at sea, I believe, that no cruiser should be found without a commission.' 'And what say they at the universities on this material point?' 'I see I may as well lay aside my gown, and own the marling-spike!' returned the other, smiling. 'There is something about the trade—profession, though, I believe, is your favourite word—there is something about the profession which betrays us to each other. Yes, Mr. Wilder,' he added, with dignity, motioning to his guest to imitate his

example, and take a seat, 'I am, like yourself, a seaman bred; and happy am I to add, the commander of this gallant vessel.' 'Then must you admit that I have not intruded without a sufficient warrant.' 'I confess the same. My ship has filled your eye agreeably; nor shall I be slow to acknowledge, that I have seen enough about your air and person to make me wish to be an older acquaintance. You want service?' 'One should be ashamed of idleness in these stirring times.' 'It is well. This is an oddly-constructed world in which we live, Mr. Wilder. Some think themselves in danger with a foundation beneath them no less solid than *terra firma*, while others are content to trust their fortunes on the sea. So, again, some there are who believe praying is the business of man; and then come others who are sparing of their breath, and take those favours for themselves which they have not always the leisure or the inclination to ask for. No doubt you thought it prudent to inquire into the nature of our trade, before you came hither in quest of employment?'

"The captain kept his hand for a moment on the roll he had touched, and seemed to read the very soul of his visitor, so intent and keen was his look the while. Then, suffering the bunting to fall, a deep, blood-red field, without relief or ornament of any sort, unfolded itself as he answered, with emphasis—'This.' 'That is the colour of a Rover!' 'Ay, it is red! I like it better than your gloomy fields of black, with death's heads and other childish scare-crows. It threatens nothing; but merely says, 'Such is the price at which I am to be bought.' Mr. Wilder,' he added, losing the mixture of irony and pleasantry with which he had supported the previous dialogue, in an air of authority, 'we understand each other. It is time that each should sail under his proper colours. I need not tell you who I am.' 'I believe it is unnecessary,' said Wilder. 'If I can comprehend these palpable signs, I stand in presence of—of—the *Red Rover*.'"

A single scene can give but an inadequate example of a tale like this; still it is a spirited specimen of a work whose popularity we can venture to prognosticate.

Sibyl Leaves: to which is added a Vision of Eternity. By Edmund Reade, Esq., author of the "Broken Heart," &c. 8vo. pp. 162. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

THIS is not a volume to be thrown aside, amid the crowd of would-be minstrels beneath which our table groans. There is much of reflective feeling—that peculiar and often highly poetical tone of mind which loves to analyse the melancholy thoughts o'er which it broods,—and frequently imagery striking as well as new. The following fragment is from the hand of a poet:

"The Fallen Angels.

Night rose frightened from her sleep,
Where, athwart the boundless deep,
Fell o'er shapeless Chaos, she
Had slumbered from eternity.
First was heard a far-off sound
Of war-cries in the distance drowned,
And a light like bursting flame
O'er the red horizon came!
Then wildly drifted in the stream
Of that fiery spreading gleam,
With a sound as if a world
Were from its foundations hurled;
Thicker than the stars undying,
Or the sands, or rent leaves flying,
Swept before the whirlwind strong,
Rushed the rebel hosts along!
Vainly hurrying on they strove
To 'scape the ruin from above,
Downward came the whirling force,
Myriads crushing in its course,
From that form divine which trod
Once so high before their God!

Vain they struggled 'gainst the blow,
Dashed headlong on the rocks below;
Vainly still their curse or prayer,
As they writhed in madness there.

One there came, the last: oh how
That godlike form was fallen now!
No longer shined in that light pure,
Before which brightness was obscure,
But like comet in red wrath
Scattering fires on its waste path.
O'er his head his shield was flung;
From his crest the singed plume hung.
With a pale and angry glare
Streaming to the troubled air.
In his hand the shivered spear;
But that proud brow shewed not fear:
Though his name for this vain strife
Was ever blotted out from life,
Though from heaven a rebel thrown,
Fallen, and blasted, and alone:
Though the ruins round him broke,
And the lightning's scathing stroke;
And, cleaving through his track to hell,
The thunderbolts in finders fell!
In that eye defiance glared,
And indomitable will,
And pride and passion burning still;
And a hate that had not spared
A revenge, had fate so given,
To which his punishment were heaven!
One fierce gesture back he threw,
As a record in His view,
That he bore a soul unbent—
Pride that never could relent—
And alone would rather be
Throned in hell's sublimity,
Than above, o'er heaven's bright crowd,
To a Higher yet have bowed!
Down plunged then his indignant fall,
And black Chaos folded all.

There is much and visible improvement since our author's first appearance; and we think Mr. Reade is one not likely to "lap him in inglorious idleness:" but we entirely dissent from the principles advocated in his preface. Is the divine gift of song to be used but to build up a system of metaphysics? No, no; one tone that vibrates to human feeling—one touch that calls a natural beauty into livelier existence—one chord linked to human sympathy,—are worth all the philosophy that poetry ever paraded.

May Flowers. Poems and Songs: some in the Scottish Dialect. By John Imbrie. 12mo. pp. 231. London, 1827. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

THERE is much of the fresh and mountain spirit of Scotch pastoral poetry about many of the songs in this little volume; such as were sung on a summer's evening, to no other music than the natural tones of the sweet voice which breathed them. We select two.

"*Ythan-side.*"

O! bright and pure winds Ythan's stream,
Its banks bloom wildly fair,
When summer shines with bud and beam,
Through smiling earth and air.
Though greener vales now meet my view,
My doting heart thou hast;
Sweet stream! where life's first breath I drew,
But may not leave its last!

There morning-rise to me shone sweet,
So fair the sunny noon;

And, when the merry fairies meet,
How clear the midnight moon!

But never more shall glad my gaze
Those scenes so wildly fair:

For the hopes are fled o' happier days;
Ah! I died for ever mair!

Where the gliding waters gleam like light
O'er their shining path o' pearl;

Where the wild birds wing their swift flight,
The merry and the merle;

Where the bonied heather's purple bell,
And the broom's gold blossoms vie;

'Tis there—'tis there that I would dwell,
And there that I would die!"

"*The Mariner's Song.*"

Gaily we go o'er the salt blue seas,
And the wave breaks white before us;

The crowded canvas bends to the breeze,
And home points the pennant o'er us.

Speedily—speedily bound we go,
As if with the wind contending;

Now high the heaving surge upon,
Now its yawning gulf descending.

Our ship spreads wide her mowy wing,
Like another bird of ocean;
And she shapes her way like a living thing
Of graceful make and motion.
Then speed thee! speed my home-bound bark!
Still thy native harbour bearing;
Soon the white cliff's top shall the mariner mark,
O'er the azure deep appearing.

Yet no charms for me hath the fairest vale,
Like the wilderness of waters;
When the vessel stoops to the fresh'ning gale,
And the spray around her scatters!
Then may the hammock my death-bed be,
And my grave beneath the billow;
There as well will I anchor under the lee
Of the wave, as of the willow!"

We should think some of these songs would set well to music: many old Scotch airs are being daily revived whose words are obsolete. We recommend a glance over these pages.

Life in the West; or the Curtain Drawn. A Novel, dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Peel; containing Scenes, Observations, and Anecdotes of the last importance to Families and Men of Rank, Fashion, and Fortune. Founded on Facts. By a Flat Enlightened. 2 vols. London, 1828. C. Chapple.

THE most celebrated of all the exploits of Enneas is not to be compared with the adventure we are fearlessly about to undertake. The Trojan hero, it is true, accomplished a descent into one Hell, but here are we about to penetrate into nearly all the Hells of London. It must be, however, by our author's Sibyl light; for we are altogether unprepared to enter upon these precincts from any knowledge of the subject; since even the title-page staggers us with its terms of "Flat Enlightened."

The sole purpose of these volumes is declared to be "to unfold a system of plunder and robbery, which is aiming a deadly blow at the fortunes of the great,—titled and untitled, old and young." We think it a pity that so laudable a design should have been wrought up with the fiction of a novel, which partially impairs the force of the disclosures respecting the destructive vice of gaming, as it prevails in the British capital. These disclosures are, we doubt not, facts; and deeply are they calculated to open the eyes of the public to the infamous practices which have long been, somewhat mysteriously, but are now with splendid effrontery, carried on by knaves and scoundrels, to the great scandal of the country. The system of plunder has indeed grown rapidly to a bald head. Since the peace, gambling-houses have sprung up in every quarter of London, and been the fruitful sources of thousands of crimes, frequently leading their deluded perpetrators to the gallows. Some of these infernal dens have been partially checked by the laws; but how ineffectually, may be guessed by the result, when we see them emerging from obscurity into open day, and building palaces for the unbounded indulgence of this ruinous vice. It is stated in the work before us, that Mr. Crockford derides the idea of Government interfering with his establishment, and "exultingly announces that his list of members contains a great portion of the members of both houses of parliament, who would rather seek to put his establishment upon a firmer basis than give it the slightest interruption."

If this be true, the mockery of putting down lotteries and little-goes is a sad piece of hypocrisy: but if we look round us, it does seem that great offences are unrestrained, and that prevention or punishment rarely apply except to insignificant and minor evils. The whole business of stock-jobbing is but one scene of fraud and swindling; and yet the prices of our

funds, as they fall or rise according to the speculations of the coiners of false intelligence, are received, without question, as the criterions of national poverty or prosperity. Robberies, upon a large scale, of banks or rich warehouses, are nine times out of ten compromised—while the wretch that steals a sheep is hanged. Police officers and underlings dispense ten times more of the laws than judges and magistrates; and we need only to notice the newspaper reports of cases in which an attorney appears—with the practice of a man so much employed as Mr. Harmer is, for instance—to be convinced that almost every great crime may be successfully defended, and the culprit escape—and that only poor rogues swing. The very laws themselves, in their administration, are among the heaviest scourges of the land. We complain of Poor's Rates and Taxes, and other grievances; but though individuals groan, we seldom hear a general outcry against the oppression of the legal man. A law list was bruited about the newspapers the other day, which furnished the habitats of some eight thousand five hundred persons of that profession, attorneys, solicitors, barristers, special pleaders, *et hoc genus omne*, needful in all the transactions of English life and death, and after death. At a very moderate computation, if you allow only 1000*l.* per ann. as an average for each of these gentlemen to subsist upon, you have a revenue of eight millions and a half, raised upon the industrious classes, to support this one, single, and monstrous fabric of monopoly; which common sense, common honesty, and a simplification of the statute book, would reduce to a tithe of the amount, besides immeasurably promoting the happiness of the people. In three generations, of thirty years each, it has been estimated that the sum of the whole property of the kingdom passes into the hands of lawyers!

We must leave these remarks, however, to afford our readers a notion of *Life in the West*. It is not worth while to draw forth the novel characters, or to report their behaviour and conversation at the dining-table or in the drawing-room,—none of these matters have much to do with the principal object of the publication. Suffice it to say, that Colonel Mortimer, who knows town from its highest to its lowest resorts, takes upon himself the duty of exposing its iniquities to Lord Upland, a young nobleman who is to succeed to 70,000*l.* a-year. We accordingly soon find ourselves among sporting men, and on the inside of the Hells. The Honourable George Fopperry is thus brought forward:—

"He was now twenty-three years of age, vain, weak, and foolish. He had just come to a fortune of 22,000*l.* a year, left him by a maternal uncle, which was going from him as fast as possible. He was a member of Brookes's, and consequently of 'Crockford's,' where he had lost to the tune of some thousands to the bank, at French hazard, and in private play, at the same place, at 'Ecarté.' A few days before this, he had been obliged to raise 10,000*l.* to meet the losses he had sustained on the turf and at that celebrated 'hell.' On his property devolving to him, he was immediately surrounded by a swarm of sporting locusts,—a race of creatures who buzz about every spring of fortune, seeking some vulnerable part, on which to make a lodgement, and then pounce upon it and stick to it till they 'bleed' their victims to death, or as long as they can 'draw' them of a pound. Their familiar denominations are 'legs,' 'Greeks,' 'sporting men,' and 'of the ring;' terms synonymous with 'black legs,' a set of titled and untitled worthies

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well practised in all the secrets of leg-ism,—a science of chicanery and fraud, by which its votaries are taught the mode of enriching themselves by impoverishing others. Many of these have fallen by the practices they now pursue to raise themselves again; but most never possessed any thing on the onset but their wits, by which they have been enabled to continue with impunity a reckless, heartless, and undeviating course of knavery, to the amassment of vast fortunes, and to the blighting of the bright prospects and total undoing of youth, and to the misery of many worthy and upright families."

The Hells are described: "About four years ago, the hells were swarming with ruined men, many of whom indicted the keepers of them, and compromised the indictments for certain considerations; many a hundred pounds have been thus extorted from their fears, while they have refused the advance of as many pence to relieve the distresses of their victims. In order to keep out those whom they have already plundered of their last shilling, their houses assume every specious appearance. Thus, the great 'hell' in St. James's Street, is called 'Crockford's Club!' the 'hell' in Park Place, is called the 'Melton Mowbray Club!' and the 'hell' in Waterloo Place, the 'Fox Hunting Club!!' The following prospectus or circular, of another of these horrid places, a fellow had the impudence to put into my hand one day, as I was proceeding up St. James's Street. By this practice, these fellows make known to any well-dressed man the situation of their houses of robbery:—A party of gentlemen having formed the design of instituting a Select Club, to be composed of those gentlemen only whose habits and circumstances entitle them to an uncontrolled, but proper indulgence in the current amusements of the day, adopt this mode of submitting the project to consideration, and of inviting those who may approve of it, to an early concurrence and co-operation in the design. To attain this object the more speedily, and render it worthy the attention and support it lays claim to, it may be only necessary to mention, that the plan is founded on the basis of liberality, security, and respectability, combining with the essential requisites of a select and reputable association, *peculiar advantages to the members* conceded by no similar institution in town. Farther particulars may be learned on personal application, between the hours of twelve and two, at 55, Pall Mall. 'Honour,' it will be noticed, is well left out in the enumeration of the advantages of this 'Select Club of those gentlemen only whose habits and circumstances entitle them to an uncontrolled, but proper indulgence in the current amusements of the day;' for this house was nothing more than a common gaming-house, where the games called 'Rouge et Noir,' 'Une, Deux, Cinq,' and 'Roulette,' were played under the superintendence of Weare, who was murdered by Thurtell, Hunt, and Probert, (the creation of such places,) a low attorney, and a fellow of the name of Page, who is now a servant at 'Crockford's.' The games played at this 'hell' were all French. The French are ever inventing some new game, to give a novelty to a system by which society is injured and demoralised."

Crockford's history, as here given, is a curious one.

"Mr. Crockford was formerly a fishmonger, in a very small way of business, near Temple Bar, which the following account for fish, supplied a neighbour at that period, leaves no

room to doubt. The account was shewn me at a tavern, and I was allowed to take a copy of it, which I have been curious enough ever since to keep by me." The baronet then produced his pocket-book, from which he took a paper, and read—

Mr. ———,		To William Crockford,		a.	d.
April 3.	To pair sows	-	-	1	3
6.	Sprats	-	-	0	3
6.	3 Wrens	-	-	0	9
12.	7 Red Herrings	-	-	0	6
19.	3 Makerels	-	-	0	8
				3	5

'Though this man is no scholar, but is, to use a simile in character, as ignorant as a pike-staff, it would appear, from the different figure he now cuts, that he possesses a great calculating and natural tact.' The baronet then turned over a few leaves of the Court Guide, which had been left on the sideboard, and read from it, 'Crockford, William, Esq. 50 and 51, St. James's Street (the gaming-house), and 26, Sussex Place, Regent's Park. Newmarket, Suffolk.' Thus has Mr. Crockford floundered from fish shambles into comparative palaces, by exciting and pandering to the vilest of passions; while his dupes, of whose fortunes his is composed, a great many of the former possessors of which have already fallen, and numerous others are falling into decay and retirement. As far as this person is concerned, his name might for ever be 'in the deep bosom of the ocean buried,' or only be associated with the 'inhabitants' of the briny deep, with which he had petty dealings; but since he has forsaken the honourable, though humble, calling of a retail seller of sprats and red-herrings, to become a netter, by wholesale, of 'land gudgeons and flat fish,' his name assumes an importance in relation to society generally, on branches of which his pursuits, and the pursuits of those in the back ground who support him, are entailing ruin and misery, wide and deep. An anecdote or two will amuse, as well as shew, in a slight degree, the sort of career he has run. When he kept the fish shop, of a night after his business was over, he was accustomed to bend his way to a low house, in King's Place, which leads from Pall Mall to King Street, to risk a few shillings at English hazard. It is stated, that he once went there with his small clothes so covered with fish-scales, and smelling so strongly of fish, that he was requested by George Smith, the owner of the house, to go away, change his dress, and put on something cleaner. Another is related of him at this period—It was a practice of his, when he won at hazard, to return home to deposit part as a provision for Billingsgate on the following morning. At times, he was in such haste, that he would not wait to enter the shop to leave it in a place of safety, but would drop the money into the corner of the area. One night this was observed by some thieves, who have always abounded in that neighbourhood; and when he had gone back to the gaming-house to try his fortune again, they went to see what he had been about, and espied the tempting deposit: with some cobbler's wax at the end of a stick, the thieves obtained the money piece by piece. Crockford lost all he took back with him, but congratulated himself upon the precaution he had taken for the morrow. His chagrin and disappointment the next morning were indescribable, when he found the store was gone. He was obliged to borrow a pound of a friend, in part towards stocking his shop for that day with fish. Mr. Crockford at one time also had a small shop in the London

Road. Towards evening, it was a custom of his to seat himself upon the shambles of his shop, with his legs across, to ease one that was bad, smoke his pipe, and drink porter, little dreaming that he would ultimately be *deified*, by a modern wit, under the title of 'Plutus,' on account of combining, in his own person, the attributes of the gods of hell and of riches. The first step he made of any particular note towards his present elevation, was taking immense long odds upon an 'out' horse, which he did upon private information given to him by a jockey, that it was to win. Soon after Crockford's success upon the turf, he gave a person of the name of Levisne £100 for his quarter share in the gaming bank at No. 5, King Street, St. James's. Quarrels often produce curious disclosures, and the particulars of this transaction transpired in consequence of a violent dispute which arose one night at the gaming-table, between Levisne, Crockford, and one of the other party. It appeared that in consequence of a person retiring from this hopeful concern, his share was offered to and accepted by Levisne. On account of the bank winning, he was not called upon to put down any money. On the following night the players at that 'hell' were 'eased' of upwards of 2000*l.* altogether; when Levisne, who was in want of money, a fact of course unknown to his partners, or he would not have been admitted among them, drew 500*l.* his share of the plunder. A certain German, of infinite cunning, played at the house at this period. He is the only exception that can be named, out of all the players at these wretched places, to have been a gainer by them. He staked his money at uncertain times, and probably, during a morning's play, would play only three or four stakes, which generally came off in his favour; and he thus defeated all their plans of packing the cards, or other cheating, which otherwise would have been, as they have often been before and since with others, had recourse to against him. Finding they could make no hand of the German, he was ultimately shut out.—But to return. For two or three days after Levisne drew the 500*l.* the bank did not do so well, on account of the German; when, fearing that he would be called upon to refund the money, to feed and support the bank, he gladly accepted Crockford's offer of 100*l.* for his interest in it. Crockford thus became connected with Abbott, Austen, and Holdsworth, the three other partners. Levisne recommended to play against the bank, and lost the money back. Upon losing his last stake, and seeing that the bank was gaining immensely besides, he wiped his forehead, wet with vexation and heat, heartily cursed his folly, and called his late partners thieves and cheats. His violent conduct caused retorts, when the whole particulars came out before a room full of players, and while Crockford was seated upon a high stool overlooking the play-table. In consequence of the immense wealth Crockford has amassed by one 'sporting' pursuit or another, he is continually being indicted by ruined gamblers, for his concern at No. 5; but which he always compromises for money, to obtain more or less of which is the sole purpose for which the indictments are brought. Upon closing his affairs with No. 5, Crockford joined three other different people, and opened No. 81, Piccadilly, with a French hazard-bank, where, a gentleman who played there and lost considerably, told me, they must have divided among them upwards of 200,000*l.* in one season. This was the house where false dice were detected, which were taken away, and for some

days afterwards exhibited in a shop window in Bond Street. This party quarrelled among themselves about the division of plunder, and the concern, in consequence, was broken up. Crookford then took No. 50, St. James's Street. In establishing this 'hell,' this club! if it must be so—this club, then, of hellites, he formed a partnership with two 'sporting' noblemen (how the dreadful vice of gaming levels all distinction, and destroys all honourable feeling!), who managed to give it a fashionable mania. This house was soon put in a fit state for the reception of company. It was announced in all sporting and other circles, that the members of Brookes's, White's, Boodle's, and Guard's, were considered eligible to have their names enrolled as members of this 'hell club,' and all other persons must be regularly proposed and ballotted for, though members were allowed to introduce a friend for two or three evenings, upon their personal responsibility for the respectability of the introduced. The plan took, beyond all calculation, and the house was soon felt to be inconveniently small. No. 51, next door, was then bought, and the two houses thrown into one, at an immense cost, about three years ago. To put the concern apparently upon the same respectable footing as White's and Brookes's, the 'hell club' now was designated 'Crookford's Club,' members ballotted for, no one allowed to come a second time without being proposed as a member, to pay twenty guineas on entrance, and ten guineas a year subscription. The spoils during the three following seasons were inconceivably great. Such have been the allurements and fascinations which rank and fashion never fail to convey, that the large double house was still found to be too small to receive the poor dupes who flocked to it, like moths round a candle, to their ruin. No. 52 was consequently bought, and, like Nos. 50 and 51, bought out and out; and the three houses have been taken down, notwithstanding the vast sums so recently lavished upon the double house, and on their site has been erected a great and princely house of knavery and ruin, with increased magnificence. To conceal the real nature of this scandalous house, some noblemen and gentlemen have been induced to form themselves into a committee of management. Their jurisdiction extends no farther than to the introduction of members, and a few forms. They have nothing to do with the French hazard bank—no, no—that's too rich a pie for more than three or four to have their fingers in. But this 'committee of management' serves to give a deceptive character to the 'hell,' and it is surprising that any such persons can be found so senseless, ignorant, and shameless, as not to know that they are lending their rank and influence to the plundering of society, to the enrichment of a vulgar and illiterate man, and two or three other persons, who are concerned with him. This 'hell club,' too, is, with the utmost effrontery, thrust into the same list of clubs, in the Court Guide, with the 'United Service,' 'Navy,' &c. in short, they give it every specious and dazzling complexion. There is one room for French hazard, played with a bank, having certain points in its favour, the spoils falling into which are divided by the three or four who put the bank down. In all other respects, it appears to be carried on in the manner of respectable clubs, having card-rooms for the members to play with one another, and refreshment and reading-rooms. But mark the dangerous character of this establishment. Men of every 'sporting' nature are members of this hopeful club; the best information is obtained by a

certain class of what is going on, and they work it to the best advantage; the field is of the most extensive description for making and selecting the finest flats,—a denomination given to those who are robbed by play. Members need not visit the French hazard table unless they like, but amuse themselves at 'Ecarté,' whist, piquet, &c. or leave it alone; to use a sporting phrase, they are 'accommodated in any way.' If a dupe is afraid of the French hazard table, he will play, no doubt, at 'Ecarté,' or whist, or piquet, or some other game; if he will not bet upon a fight, he will probably bet upon a race, a trotting match, or a pigeon match; and a dead set is made accordingly, by one person or another, to please the most fastidious taste, a battery brought to bear against the fortress, behind which he may think his riches secure."

But there is too much grave matter in this book to be dismissed in one No., and we shall return to it.

Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy.
By Roscoe. 6 vols.

(Second Notice.)

In the last *Literary Gazette*, when introducing this important publication to our readers, we stated what was its general scope, and described its general character; explaining at the same time our reasons for thinking that the task of going into the details of so extensive a work would be inexpedient. As the painters say, we must treat the subject in masses.

The History of Painting in Lower Italy sets out with the Florentine school, where, ranked as the first epoch of the revival of the art, a series of Tuscan artists, during even the rude ages, seem, as it were, to have melted the ancients and their Greek continuators into the rising lights of Cimabue and Giotto. Of the works of these remote links in the chain (from the year 1000 to 1300), specimens are yet to be seen in Rome, as well as other places: painted glass and mosaics are the chief remains, though there are sculptures and other examples. From the period of Cimabue, born in 1240, though there are many notices and disputes about his immediate predecessors, Giotto of Pisa, &c. we may fairly date the restoration of painting to its distinction as a liberal and refining art. Not that he, Giotto, and the Florentines, ran alone in this glorious race, for Lanzi truly remarks of the era, that "the improvement of painting is not due to Florence alone. It has been remarked, that the career of human genius, in the progress of the fine arts, is the same in every country. When the man is dissatisfied with what the child learned, he gradually passes from the ruder elements to what is less so, and from thence to diligence and precision; he afterwards advances to the grand, and the select, and at length attains facility of execution. Such was the progress of sculpture among the Grecians, and such has been that of painting in our own country. When Correggio advanced from laborious minuteness to grandeur, it was not necessary for him to know that such was the progress of Raffaello, or, at any rate, to have witnessed it: in like manner, nothing more was wanting to the painters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, than to learn that hitherto they had pursued a wrong path; this was sufficient to guide them into a better path, and it was not then untried; for sculpture had already improved design. We have, in fact, seen the Pisani, and their scholars, preceding the Florentines, and, as their precursors, dis-

fusing a new system of design over Italy. It would be injustice to overlook them in the improvement of painting, in which design is of such importance; or to suppose that they did not signally contribute to its improvement. But if Italy be indebted solely to Cimabue and Giotto for its progress, all the good artists should have come from Florence. And yet, in the cathedral of Orvieto (to instance the finest work, perhaps of that age) we find, from the beginning of the fourteenth century, many artists from various other places, who would not have been called to ornament such a building, had they not previously enjoyed the reputation of able masters. Add to this, if we are to derive all painters from those two masters, every style of painting should resemble that of their Florentine disciples. But on examining the old paintings of Siena, of Venice, of Bologna, and of Parma, they are found to be dissimilar in idea, in choice of colouring, and in taste of composition. All, then, are not derived from Florence. My second proposition is, that no people then excelled in, nor contributed, by example, so much to the progress of art as the Florentines. Rival cities may boast artists of merit, even in the first era of painting; their writers may deny the fame of Giotto and his disciples; but truth is more powerful than declamation. Giotto was the father of the new method of painting, as Boccaccio was called the father of the new species of prose composition. After the time of the latter, any subject could be elegantly treated of in prose; after the former, painting could express all subjects with propriety. A Simon da Siena, a Stefano da Firenze, a Pietro Laurati, added charms to the art; but they and others owe to Giotto the transition from the old to a new manner. He essayed it in Tuscany, and, while yet a young man, greatly improved it, to the general admiration of all classes. He did not leave Assisi until called to Rome by Boniface VIII., nor did he take up his residence at Avignon, until invited to France by Clement V.

"When Giotto was no more, similar applause was bestowed on his disciples: cities contended for the honour of inviting them, and they were even more highly estimated than the native artists themselves. We shall find Cavallini and Capanna in the Roman school; in that of Bologna the two Faentini, Pace, and Ottaviano, with Guglielmo da Forlì; Mensbadi at Padua; Memmi, who was either a scholar or assistant of Giotto, at Avignon; and we shall find traces of the successors of the same school throughout all Italy. This work will indicate the names of some of them; it will point out the style of others, without including the great number who, in every province, have been withdrawn from our view, for the purpose of replacing old pictures with others in the new manner. Giotto thus became the model for students during the whole of the fourteenth century, as was Raffaello in the sixteenth, and the Caracci in the subsequent century: nor can I find a fourth manner that has been so generally received in Italy as that of those three schools. There have been some who, from the inspiration of their own genius, had adopted a new manner, but they were little known or admired beyond the precincts of their own country. Of the Florentines alone can it be asserted, that they diffused the modern style from one extremity of Italy to the other: in the restoration of painting, though not all; yet the chief praise belongs to them; and this forms my second proposition."

As we advance in the history, we are told—

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Towards the end of the fourteenth century, when the Gothic style was disappearing from architecture, the design of the carvers improved, and they began to erect over altars sliding panels, divided by partitions, which were fashioned into pilasters, or small columns, and often between these last, feigned gates or windows, so that the ancona or altar bore some resemblance to the façade of a palace or a church: over them was placed a frieze, and above the frieze was a place like a stage, with some figures. The saints were placed below, and their histories were painted in the compartments; and often there appeared their histories painted upon some little form, or upon the steps. The partitions were gradually removed, the proportions of the figures enlarged, and the saints were disposed in a single piece around the throne of our Lord, not so erect as formerly, after the manner of statues, but in different actions and positions, a custom which prevailed even in the sixteenth century. The practice of gilding grounds declined towards the end of the fifteenth century; but it was increased on the garments, and fringes were never so deep as at that period. About the close of that century, gold was more sparingly employed, and it was almost wholly abandoned in the following. No little benefit would be conferred upon the art by any one who would undertake to point out with accuracy what were the colours, gums, and other mixtures employed by the Greeks. They were undoubtedly in possession of the best methods transmitted to them by a tradition, which though in some measure corrupted, was confessedly derived from their ancestors. Even subsequent to the invention of oils, their colouring is in some degree deserving of our admiration. In the Medicean Museum there is a Madonna, subscribed with the following Latin inscription: *Andreas Rizo de Candin pinxit*, the form of which are stupid, the folds inelegant, and the composition coarse; but with all this, the colour is so fresh, vivid, and brilliant, that there is no modern work that would not lose by a comparison; indeed, the colouring is so extremely strong and firm, that when tried with the iron it does not liquefy, but rather scales off, and breaks in minute portions. The frescoes, likewise, of the earliest Greek and Italian painters, are surprisingly strong, and more particularly in upper than in lower Italy. There are some figures of saints upon the pilasters of the church of San Nicolo, at Treviso, quite remarkable for their durability, an account of which is given in the first volume of *Padre Federici* (p. 188). I have understood from professors, that such a degree of consistency must have been produced by a certain portion of wax, which was employed at that period, as will be explained in the subsequent chapter, on the subject of painting in oil. It must, however, be admitted, that we are very little advanced in these inquiries into the ancient methods of preparing colour. Were they once satisfactorily explored, it would prove highly useful in the restoration of ancient pictures, nor superfluous in regard to the adoption of that firm, fused, and lucid colouring, which we shall have occasion to commend in various Lombard and Venetian pictures, and more especially in those of Correggio. These observations will not be useless to the connoisseur, who doubts the age of a picture on which there are no characters."

The mention of Taddeo Gaddi, the most intimate and favoured pupil of Giotto, leads to a subject of great interest, and one of which a separate, distinct, and able view would be of

inestimable service in the fine arts: we allude to MISSALS, those rich repositories of so much that is worthy of being preserved of former ages. Of Taddeo it is related—

"Vasari, who saw his frescoes and enamel pictures at Florence in good preservation, prefers him to his master in colouring and in delicacy; but the lapse of time at this day forbids our deciding this point, although several of his pictures remain, especially in the church of Santa Croce, which are scriptural histories, much in the manner of Giotto. He discovered more originality in the Chapter-house of the Spagnuoli, where he worked in competition with Memmi. He painted some of the acts of the Redeemer on the ceiling, and the Descent of the Holy Spirit in the refectory, which is among the finest specimens of art in the fourteenth century. On one of the walls he painted the Sciences, and, under each, some one of its celebrated professors; and demonstrated his excellence in this species of allegorical painting, which approaches so nearly to poetry. The brilliance and clearness of his tints are chiefly conspicuous in that Chapter-house. The royal gallery contains the taking down of Christ, the work of his hands, which was formerly at Orsanmichele, and by some ascribed to Buffalmacco, merely because it was unascertained. Taddeo flourished beyond the term assigned him by Vasari, and outlived most of those already named. This may be collected from Franco Sacchetti, a contemporary writer, who relates, in his 136th Tale, that Andrea Oragna proposed as a question, 'who was the greatest master, setting Giotto out of the question? Some answered Cimabue, others Stefano, some Bernardo, and some Buffalmacco. Taddeo Gaddi, who was in the company, said, 'truly these were very able painters, but the art is decaying every day, &c.'" He is mentioned up to 1352, and the might possibly survive several years. He left at his death several disciples, who became eminent teachers of painting in Florence and other places. D. Lorenzo Camaldolese is mentioned with honour. He instructed pupils in the art; and several old pictures by him and his scholars are in the monastery of the Angeli. At that time the fraternity of Camaldulites furnished some miniature painters, one of whom, named D. Silvestro, ornamented missals, which still exist, and are amongst the best that Italy possesses."

After the followers of Giotto had carried painting beyond the period of its infancy, it still "continued to give proofs of its infant faculties, especially in chiaroscuro, and still more in perspective. Figures sometimes appeared as if falling or slipping from the canvases; buildings had not a true point of view; and the art of foreshortening was yet very rude. Stefano Fiorentino perceived rather than removed the difficulty; others for the most part sought either to avoid or to compensate for the deficiency. Pietro della Francesca, whom we have elsewhere noticed, appears to have been the first who revived the Grecian practice of rendering geometry subservient to the painter. He is celebrated by Pascoli, and by authors of greater note, as the father of perspective. Brunelleschi was the first Florentine who saw the method of bringing it to perfection, 'which consisted in drawing it in outline, by the help of intersections;' and in this manner he drew the square of St. John, and other places, with true diminution and with receding points. He was imitated in mosaic by Benedetto da Maino, and in painting by Masaccio, to both of whom he was master. About the same period Paolo Uccello, having

studied under Gio. Manetti, a celebrated mathematician, applied to it with assiduity; and even so dedicated himself to the pursuit, that in labouring to excel in this, he never acquired celebrity in the other branches of painting. He delighted in it far beyond his other studies, and used to say that perspective was the most pleasant of all; so true is it that novelty is a great source of enjoyment. He executed no work that did not reflect some new light on that art, whether it consisted of edifices and colonnades, in which a great space was represented in a small compass, or of figures foreshortened with a skill unknown to the followers of Giotto. Some of his historic pictures of Adam and of Noah, in which he indulged in his favourite taste for the novel and whimsical, remain in the cloisters of S. Maria Novella; and there are also landscapes, with trees and animals so well executed, that he might be called the Bassano of the first age. He particularly delighted to have birds in his house, from which he drew, and from thence he obtained his surname of Uccello. In the cathedral there is a gigantic portrait of Gio. Aguto on horseback, painted by Paolo, in green earth. This was, perhaps, the first attempt made in painting, which achieved a great deal without appearing too daring. He produced other specimens at Padua, where he delineated some figures of giants, with green earth, in the house of the Vitali. He was chiefly employed in ornamenting furniture for private individuals; the triumphs of Petrarch, in the royal gallery, painted on small cabinets, are supposed by some good judges to be his. Masolino da Panicale cultivated the art of chiaroscuro. I believe he derived advantage from having long dedicated his attention to modelling and sculpture, a practice which renders relief easy to the painter, beyond what is generally conceived."

Having in these extracts touched on points of great historical importance in the early annals of the revived arts, and also quoted passages which illustrate high leading principles, we again take our leave of the interesting work whence we have derived our information.

Royal Asiatic Society Transactions. Vol. I.
THE second paper, by Sir A. Johnston, to which we alluded in our introductory remarks on this volume, is an Account of an Inscription found near Trincomalee. A copy of this is said to have been sent to France by Admiral Suffrein, in 1781, with an offer of a considerable reward to any one who could decipher it, which task it appears has not yet been accomplished. The present inhabitants of the province are utterly ignorant of the character in which it is written; "they, however, believe, from the traditions which are preserved amongst them, that it is the character which was in use throughout the whole of the northern and eastern parts of the island in the age of the two kings of Solamandelum, Manumethy Candesolan and his son Kalocata Maharasa, who are stated, upon what authority I cannot ascertain, in all the ancient histories of Trincomalee (of which I have in my possession both the Tamil originals and the English translations), to have reigned over the southern peninsula of India and the greater part of the island of Ceylon, about the five-hundred and twelfth year of the *Cal-yug*, or about 4,400 years ago, and during their reign to have constructed not only the celebrated pagodas or temples of Trincomalee, the whole of which were in the beginning of the sixteenth century destroyed by the Portuguese, and the materials of which

were subsequently used by them for building what forms a portion of the present fortifications of Trincomalee, but also the four equally celebrated tanks or artificial lakes called Kattucarré, Padvilcolam, Minerie, and Kandellé, the remains of which may, from their great magnitude and strength, and from the skill which is displayed in their construction, be considered as some of the most venerable and splendid monuments ever discovered, of the high state of perfection to which the science of irrigation had been brought in the northern and eastern parts of Ceylon, in the remotest periods of history; and of the extraordinary efforts which were made by the Hindu monarchs of India to secure their subjects from the miseries of famine, by securing to the cultivators of land a regular and an abundant supply of water."

There are three traditions respecting the Inscription.—*first*, that it related to the taxes levied by the priests for the Temples; &c.; *second*, that it was an account of the formation and expense of the Great Tank; and *third*, that it contained the heads of the laws of the two kings above mentioned. Sir Alexander concludes that the people of Ceylon were of the same race, spoke the same language, &c. as the people of southern India; and is of opinion, that the ancient records of either will throw a mutual light on both.

Novelties pressing upon us at this very active commencement of the publishing season, and these Transactions forming many distinct subjects, which lose nothing by being treated in separate Nos. of our *L. G.*, we shall not need to occupy much space in their analysis on any single occasion. The Part before us has a curious and characteristic collection of extracts translated from the Peking Gazette of 1824, by Mr. J. F. Davis. We copy a singular edict, "forbidding the possession of fire-arms to the common people."

"1st moon, 24th day (23d February)."

"An imperial edict has been respectfully received, in reply to the address of Chin-kwō-jin, governor of Kwei-chow, on the subject of his having made a general muster of the matchlocks in his province, storing up those which were serviceable, and destroying the rest, after having made compensation to the owners, &c. For the people to have fire-arms in their possession is contrary to law; and orders have already been issued to each provincial government to fix a period within which all matchlocks belonging to individuals should be bought up at a valuation. It is stated by Chin-kwō-jin; that over and above the sums paid for those which are fit for use and laid up in the military stores, as well as for those which were subsequently sold as old iron, there is still required the sum of tales 1,505. If the officers of the different districts be allowed *themselves* to advance the money, it is to be feared that they may take occasion to speculate: we therefore direct (according to the request of Chin-kwō-jin), that a portion of the proceeds arising from lead be appropriated to that purpose from the provincial treasury. With regard to those fire-arms which are in immediate use for the safeguard of the country, the said governor has already directed the proper officers to carve on every matchlock the name of the person to whom it is delivered, and to preserve a general list of the whole. Let the governor also give strict charge to make a diligent search, and prevent the illicit storing up of fire-arms for the future; and let the workers in iron be rigidly looked after, lest they clandestinely manufacture and sell them; thus cutting off

the evil in its commencement. Those officers who have made full and complete musters within the limited period, the said governor is directed to take proper notice of, as an encouragement to others.—*Khin-tze.*"

The suspicion here expressed of his own officers by the emperor, and the general state of a country where every gun is registered with the name of its owner on the stock, are striking traits of Chinese policy. The next edict is still more characteristic: in what other nation would a groat have been disbursed from the treasury for such a purpose?

"The imperial pleasure has been respectfully received. The titular king, Chun shan, has presented to us a petition, entreating our imperial favour in the advance of some years' salaries, wherewithal he may be enabled to repair the tombs of his family. We permit to be advanced to him the amount of his kingly allowances for ten years ensuing, and direct that his pay be annually deducted, until the whole shall be liquidated.—*Khin-tze.*"

The following is of literary interest:

"The Keu-jin graduate, named How-yew-pe, being a Chinese by birth, was reported as a Tartar at the examination at which he succeeded in obtaining his degree: he ought to be deprived of his literary rank. But at the time of the said examination, this graduate being very young, it was his father who made a false report of him and led to the error. Now, as the graduate himself has made a true representation of the case, he is less culpable than if it had been discovered and reported by the examining officer. It is directed that he retain his literary rank, but be prevented from attending at one examination (i. e. his promotion is stopped for three years, the interval between the examinations), and that he be enrolled as a Chinese by birth. But let the head of the Tartar division, who presumed to take upon himself to present the report on the occasion, be delivered to the criminal board for trial and punishment.—*Khin-tze.*"

A case of rape, to which we can only refer, (page 397,) is of so tragical a nature, that a melo-drame at least, if not a perfect tragedy, might well be founded on it. The female stabbed herself in open court with a knife, in despair, when she found her father had been tortured till he gave evidence that she had consented to her own dishonour.* This case is represented to the government by the public Censor, an officer who charges the judges, &c. with injustice in their decision. His functions seem to furnish a valuable check upon the administration of affairs of every description: and the memorial in this instance, after stating and reasoning upon all the particulars, concludes thus:

"I have heard that, though the weather was uncommonly hot at the time, and notwithstanding that the body remained several days uninterred, it suffered no change whatever: a circumstance which removes all doubt of her having suffered grievous wrong. It is consistent with established practice to petition that some distinction be conferred on the memory of this chaste virgin, whose name has been stained with dishonour. It is a question in which good reputation is deeply interested; and should her wrong be allowed to pass unredressed, what security will remain for the public morals, or for the observance of the laws? Shan-se is not far distant from the capital: your majesty's consent is therefore

* This would alter the nature of the crime, by converting the capital offence, for which death is inflicted, into a misdemeanour punished by the bamboo.

petitioned for bringing the case before the criminal board, in order that it may be proved beyond a doubt. The circumstances that have come to my knowledge, contrary to the governor's report, I dare not but present to the imperial attention."

The annexed religious ordinance explains itself.

"*Imperial Edict.*—On account of the drought in the neighbourhood of the capital, and the poverty of the husbandmen's fields looking in vain for enriching showers, we sent down our will, that altars for sacrifice should be erected at Hih-lung-tan and Keō-sing-tze. During the last ten days, although there has been a very slight appearance of rain, it was quite inadequate to moisten the earth. Let our eldest son, Yih-heng, on the seventh day of the present moon, proceed reverentially to the Temple of the Spirit of Heaven to worship; let the imperial relative, Mēen-kae, proceed with reverence to the Temple of the Spirit of Earth to sacrifice; let Mēen-hin, the imperial relative, proceed with reverence to offer sacrifice in the Temple of the Spirit of the Year; let our son, Yih-chaou, sacrifice also at the Temple of the Spirit of the Winds. On the 6th day, let them all lodge together in the palace at Peking, and on the 7th of the moon repair separately to those different spots, to supplicate for speedy and plentiful supplies of fructifying rain.—*Khin-tze.*"

"The crowded state of the capital is proved by the following extracts:—'The numerous resort of an hungry populace from the surrounding country, has led to the occasional plundering of articles of food, and we have already issued our commands for restraining and controlling them. The censor, Lang-paou-shin, has reported that sundry vagrants, under the plea of want and starvation, have been committing depredations in the markets and other places of public resort, in direct contravention of the laws. The proper authorities are hereby commanded to issue proclamations on the subject, and exercise a rigid control, that the neighbourhood of the imperial residence may be well governed and orderly. The erection of additional play-houses, as has been reported, being highly prejudicial to the morals of the people, the police of the city must also restrain and keep them within bounds. Let not this be regarded as a mere form.—*Khin-tze.*"

In the provinces, equally strange proceedings are developed.

"The governor of Chih-le province has presented an address, recommending the dismissal of a district officer who neglected to present a timely report of a flight of locusts. In the several subordinate districts of Gan-chow a numerous swarm of locusts has lately appeared. The said governor explains the circumstance of his not having already reported concerning their extermination, and states that he has despatched proper persons to use all diligence in destroying the insects throughout those districts where they exist, in order that the grain may not be injured by them. The Hēen of Yung-ching district, Ho-che-tsing, who presented a confused report several months after the locusts had already appeared, and who failed to erect, according to established rule, stations for buying (or giving a reward for) all the insects destroyed, has been guilty of culpable remissness. Let him first be deprived of the ball on his cap, and let a limited time be fixed within which he must exterminate the insects. Should he again be guilty of remissness, he will be further punished.—*Khin-tze.*"

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"An address has been received from Ah-tse-heng-ah, stating that some (Ha-si-kih) Hassacks, headed by Chen-tae-le, had made an incursion through one of the passes on the frontier of Ko-poo-to, and carried off a number of cattle, having attacked and wounded the herdsman. The officer, Chä-kih-sang-ah, being despatched after the plunderers, had returned from the pass of Hwuy-ma-e-la-hoo without any of them being seized, &c. &c. The Hassacks being near the pass of Tü-urh-pa-ha-tae, which adjoins the Russian boundaries, the seizure of these robbers is of the utmost importance. Of late the Hassacks have every year made plundering incursions. It is necessary that they be seized and rigidly dealt with, in order to strike awe into foreigners, and make manifest the nation's laws. How happened it that the officer who was sent to seize the plunderers allowed such a length of time to elapse without apprehending even one of them? His remissness has been excessive. The commandant states that another officer, Tü-lang-ah, has since been despatched to exert himself in apprehending the offenders. Let Chä-kih-sang-ah be still kept at Hwuy-ma-e-la-hoo, to exert himself with the utmost diligence in seeking for the plunderers. Should he again make evasive excuses he will be severely punished. When it is discovered through what pass Chen-tae-le entered, let the officer who so negligently guarded it be cashiered and reported."

"The censor, Le-fung-chin, has presented an address, praying for the suppression of false doctrines and opinions. The religious ritual of the empire is founded on the sacred books. To delude the people with unorthodox opinions is a great contravention of the laws. According to the report of the censor, a fane has again been erected to the superstition of Woo-tung at Lun-ken-shan, ten *le* (three miles) to the west of Soo-chow-foo. In the reign of Kang-he the fane was destroyed and the idols burnt, and for a long series of years the superstition has been suppressed; but the sacrifices are now offered as before. The witches place a pretended confidence in the predictions of the spirits, and promise a fulfilment of hopes and desires; and the extension of their baneful practice is not confined to the jurisdiction of Soo-chow-foo alone: it is, therefore, highly requisite to adopt rigorous measures for their restraint and suppression. Sun-yu-ting and Han-wün-ke (the governor and deputy) are directed to enjoin all the officers of the subordinate districts to destroy every trace of the superstition of Woo-tung. Let not the simple people be permitted to offer sacrifices or to associate with the votaries of the superstition. Let the magistrates issue instructions to all the heads of families to exercise a rigid control over their dependants. Let the whole system of false worship, calculated only to delude the uneducated populace, with its burning of incense, collection of subscriptions, &c. whenever it is discovered, be immediately followed up by severe punishment, in order that the public morals may be improved and the hearts of men set right.—*K'hin-issu*."

With these extracts, so illustrative of the peculiar manners, government, and customs of China, we close the book for a while. They are certainly a very odd people, and very oddly ruled.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Austria as it is; or, Sketches of Continental Courts. By an Eye-Witness. Post 8vo. pp. 226. London, 1828. Hurst and Co.

This volume has just appeared, and seems to

be thoroughly imbued with a hatred of the sovereigns on the continent. It is filled with anecdotes most disgraceful to many of them, if true; but the spirit in which the author writes renders his authority very doubtful. We shall next week look to some of the particulars.

A Practical Treatise on Architectural Jurisprudence; in which the Constitutions, Canons, Laws, and Customs, relating to the Art of Building, are collected from the best Authorities, &c. &c. By James Elmes, Architect, M.R.I.A. 8vo. pp. 279. London, 1827. W. Benning.

A CLEVER and useful abstract of the laws relating to buildings and house property of every description, arranged in a simple and perspicuous manner, calculated to shorten the labours of architects, surveyors, and even lawyers, on questions of dilapidations, ancient lights, fixtures, nuisances, &c. &c. In fact it is a work which should be in the collection of every man possessing houses, or in any way concerned with buildings. The author says:—"I have endeavoured to collect into one volume the substance of what lies dispersed in many, and to select from masses of promiscuous materials an analysed digest of cases connected with the jurisprudence of the multifarious art of building that have been argued and determined in our various courts of law and equity. The search after these materials has produced other results than precedents for the architect alone; they will be found, I trust, equally important to his employers, to the benefited clergy, to churchwardens, and to the whole community of householders, landlords, and tenants, of this opulent country."

Mr. Elmes has successfully performed his task; and brought together an abundance of important decisions on almost every point on which disputes are likely to arise, and blended much curious and amusing research; thus rendering it not only a book of reference and a valuable index to the best legal authorities, but one of considerable historical interest on these subjects.

There are many typographical errors to correct in a second edition.

Constable's Miscellany. Vols. XII. XIII. XIV. XV. and XVI. Constable and Co. Edinburgh; Hurst, Chance, and Co. London.

THIS excellent design continues to increase in interest and value as it proceeds; and we are glad to find that its merits are rewarded by a corresponding increase of popularity. The first of the volumes above enumerated contains a curious and instructive selection of phenomena of nature: the XIIIth and XIVth give us an improved edition of Mariner's remarkable residence in the Tonga Islands. But the last two volumes are possessed of still higher claims to public attention. They consist of a History of "the Forty-five," by Robert Chambers, author of the *Traditions of Edinburgh*; and we must compliment the writer on the vivid picture he has drawn of that stirring and eventful period. Some facts new to us, in connexion with this romantic struggle, are brought forward—we know not whether on unquestionable authority, or on mere tradition;—altogether, however, they work well into the narrative, and breathe into it a charm and spirit which impart the glow of fiction to the statement of realities. We ought to notice, that Mr. Chambers appears to be a thorough-paced Jacobite, and that his ambitious style is terribly deformed by Scotticisms.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ASTRONOMY.

WE cannot more successfully consult the gratification of the lover of astronomical science than by pointing out some of the principal nebulae visible in the heavens during the month, which appearances have excited the astonishment of all who have beheld them, and suggested some of the sublimest conceptions which ever occupied the human mind, of the boundless extent of the material universe, which every fresh discovery proves to be replete with not merely suns beyond suns gloriously shining, but systems of suns, arranged in harmonious order, so inconceivably remote, as by distance to appear condensed into a faint light, like minute clouds of various and mysterious forms. The first and principal of these is the Milky-way, which, when Aries is on the meridian, traverses the heavens from the E. by S. and, passing the zenith to the W.N.W., continues its course through the nadir, completes its zone of light, in which it is supposed our sun is placed, forming but a unit amidst the myriads of stars of which it is composed, and sinking into insignificance if conceived to be beheld from one of its own cluster, while, perhaps, even this cluster sinks into a telescopic cloud when seen from a neighbouring system. This idea is supported by considering our sun as placed in such a nebula as we find near *Germinorum*; this being of a form similar to the galaxy, and to a solar system in the interior of this, the stars would be projected into a concave arch, those stars at the side and nearest would appear as of a superior magnitude and brilliancy to the rest, analogous to the *Arcturus*, *Sirius*, *Capella*, &c. of our sidereal system. In *Asterion*, the north greyhound of Boötes, is a nebula, surrounded by three small stars; and in the hind foot of Chara, the southern greyhound, is another. Near the right ear of the Great Bear are two nebulae very close together, one of which is elongated, with a telescopic star at its extremity; the other, which is south, is round, and more conspicuous. On the knee of Auriga is a mass of stars of a square form, 16 min. in diameter; there are two other clusters of a less magnitude in its neighbourhood. Beneath the left knee of Hercules is a beautiful nebula; the central part is very bright, and surrounded with great nebulosity. Above the southern horn of the Bull is a faint mottled light, resembling in form a comet or electrical brush. Below the southern claw of the Crab is an oblong, compressed cluster, in which 200 stars may be distinguished. Close to the Triangle, over the head of Aries, is a fine nebula, exhibiting a uniform whitish light, its diameter 5 min., two-thirds of which the nebulosity is very plain. In Perseus there are no fewer than eight, and in Ophiuchus seven nebulae; but the largest and most remarkable (if we except the Magellanic Cloud near the South Pole) is that nebula in the sword of Orion, which is of a very irregular form, its nebulosity nearly surrounding a part of great blackness, and contrasting very strikingly with the luminous region in its neighbourhood. The greatest number of these wonderful appearances in the sphere of fixed stars are resolvable into clusters of stars, on the application of a high magnifying power: the places of 2,500 have been determined; and there is every reason to believe that the celestial regions teem with them.

Oh! when the soul, no longer earthward weighed,
Exalts towards heaven, with swift seraphic wing,
Among the joys, past man's imagining,
It may be one, to scan, 'midst space displayed,

Those wondrous works our blindness now debars,—
The awful secrets written in the stars.
Depford.

J. T. B.

EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH.—Lieutenant Foster, to whom one* of the Copley Medals was adjudged last week by the Royal Society, has been appointed to the command of a vessel for the South Seas, to continue his experiments with the pendulum, and ascertain the longitudes, &c. of various stations in that part of the globe.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Dec. 1.—On the 22d ult. the following degree was conferred:—

Master of Arts—W. C. Townsend, Queen's College.

On Thursday last, the 29th, the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity—Rev. G. Masters, Magdalen Hall.
Bachelor in Divinity—Rev. W. St. Andrew Vincent, Christ Church, Grand Compendium.

Masters of Arts—Rev. J. Jackson, Brasenose College;

Rev. C. H. Earle, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts—P. Guille, Pembroke College; C.

Quesswell, Scholar, G. B. Hamilton, Exhibitioner, Corpus

College; R. B. Maurice, C. Saxton, Christ Church; G.

T. Hudson, J. Freeman, Trinity College; W. J. Ches-

eyne, Balliol College; E. Dudley, Worcester College;

B. Grunsdale, Scholar, University College; J. Fox, Schol-

ar, R. T. Vynar, Queen's College; W. Holloway, Lin-

coln College.

Brevium in our last—For Masters of Arts read Ba-

chelor of Arts.

ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL SOCIETIES.

THE attendance at both these Societies was unusually full on Thursday evening. At the former there was no business of particular importance; but the latter was distinguished from common nights of meeting by an address delivered by Mr. Davies Gilbert on taking the chair as President. It was brief, but appropriate; and delivered with a manly and philosophical simplicity, which struck us as being peculiarly suited to the station and the audience. Mr. Gilbert assured the Society of his best efforts to promote its prosperity. The annual address, as pronounced on the 30th, was read by Dr. Roget; and Capt. Sabine (whose addition should be R.A., not R.N., as printed in our last), the other new Secretary, read an astronomical paper. The routine occupied the Society till past ten o'clock, after which a number of gentlemen adjourned to the library, where refreshments were provided, and literary and scientific subjects were discussed by many groups in friendly conversations.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

In our last No., in consequence of their having suffered the legal Michaelmas Term to elapse without bringing matters to an issue, we were induced to express an opinion that the College of Physicians had abandoned the prosecution of Dr. Harrison; and thus virtually opened the Profession to gentlemen hitherto excluded by their charter from practising as Physicians in London and within seven miles around. We are, however, desired by an esteemed friend, an eminent member of the College, to contradict this statement, and, of course, qualify our inference from it. He writes to us in these words:—"The College would betray the trust reposed upon them by the legislature, and would commit a civil fraud on the Licentiates from whom they have taken fees for admission, were they to forbear exercising the power given them by their charter, confirmed by parliament, in suing Dr. Harrison for the penalties to which he has rendered himself liable by acting as a Physician without a license, so soon as they shall have obtained

* Dr. Prout obtained the other.

what their legal advisers consider sufficient evidence of his practice so as to satisfy a jury." Our correspondent further assures us, that, "notwithstanding the profession of Dr. Harrison, in a letter from him to the late censors, dated the 4th of August, and subsequently published in several newspapers and other periodical works, 'that he has furnished his solicitors, Messrs. Tennant, Harrison, and Tennant, with instructions to give every facility to a legal investigation of (what he terms) the assumed privileges of the College;'—an admission of his having practised for one month (with the view of bringing the question to an immediate issue) has been refused by those gentlemen, when applied to by the solicitor of the College for that purpose."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Golden Almanack for the Year 1828.
Treuttel and Würtz.

If we have not to say *redunt Saturnia Regna*, we may at least observe, that a golden age in regard to the Arts has sprung up amongst us. We not long ago noticed Mr. Cooke's Golden Gift, a collection of vases engraved in gold; and at a former period the splendid impression of the late Duke of York's Speech on the Catholic question. The latter, we believe, however, is like the former—a specimen of engraving: we mean, that it is of gold leaf, inlaid or embossed by types upon the paper. But the extraordinary and beautiful example we have now before us is truly and absolutely *printing in gold*. The liquid (somehow prepared) runs like the ink commonly used, and produces an effect so novel and gorgeous that it must be seen to be conceived. Except the red-letter days, which are appropriately executed in red ink, the whole of this sheet (about twenty inches by sixteen), most tastefully divided and surrounded by borders, displays a glow of gold, upon an enamel of the purest white; and is altogether a very curious and pleasing performance. It is the *Almanack* for every elegant room.

New Art.—The invention of which we have just spoken so highly, is due to Mr. Brimmer; but he has farther placed before us another application of a similar process, which is likely to be still more valuable in the Fine Arts. Mr. Brimmer has succeeded in employing lead in the same manner as the gold. Our specimen is of Northop Church, North Wales; and the appearance is between that of a pencil drawing and a capital wood engraving. There is no doubt but that this novelty will be much admired and widely applied to works of fancy and illustration. It is extremely pretty.

A Shooting Pony. A. Cooper. Engraved by W. Baddon. London, Dec. 1827. Moon, Boys, and Co.

THIS is an admirable engraving of a very simple and pleasing subject. The pony and two dogs are true to a hair, yet the general effect is as fine and broad as the details are spirited. Mr. Baddon has done justice to Mr. Cooper in one of his happiest little compositions; and a higher compliment need not be paid to either artist.

Views of the Great Falls of Niagara. Drawn by W. Vivian, and on stone by T. M. Baynes. London, 1827. Ackermann.

THE magnificent spectacles which the Falls of Niagara present in several points of view are here represented by five engravings on stone. The atmospheric phenomena, landscape, &c.,

might have been rendered more in unison with the scene.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Thursday, the competition productions for the medals given by the Royal Academy were hung up in the rooms; and we are sorry to observe that, though the number of students is greater than ever, there is a lamentable deficiency of efforts in the higher branches of the art. For the gold medals in painting and sculpture (the highest classes), there is not one specimen. Even in inferior lines, for silver medals, &c., there is little to attract attention.

Mr. Haydon's New Picture.—Opportunity is every thing; and the genius of Mr. Haydon has not lost one, to which he has unfortunately (except for the use to which he has turned it) been exposed. The newspapers some time since gave accounts of a sham election, attended with much mock ceremony, and not a little riotousness, which was got up in the King's Bench prison, for the entertainment of its inmates. The freedom of the poll was, we believe, interfered with by marshal law; not, however, before the scene had been so far prolonged as to enable our able painter to make a living and lively sketch of it, which he has transferred to canvass, and made a large picture in oil. This production is about to be exhibited at the Egyptian Hall; and from the curiosity of the subject, as well as the talents of the artist, will, we have no doubt, excite much popular interest.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET TO MY FATHER.

How sweet 'twould be, if but a little day
Thou couldst desert the mansions of the dead,
And see, with cheerful eyes, how Time hath
shed

O'er all thy earthly hopes a prosperous ray,
Then would thy sons approach, to manhood
grown:

The babe that scarce could lisp the happy
Of father, when death's heartless summons
came,

Would joyously hail thee, like a rose full blown.
Ah! but there's one thou couldst not meet,—
'tis she,

Who in life's journey was thy fond relief,
Whose heart was as thy own in joy and grief,
And who e'en to the grave did follow thee.

'Tis vain,—on earth no welcome can be given;
Our hope alone must be to meet in heaven.

F. D.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOSEPH PLANTA, Esq. F.R.S., the principal Librarian of the British Museum, died on Monday last, at a very advanced age—84. Mr. Planta was a native of Switzerland, of which country he published a History, in 2 vols. 4to. He also published an *Essay on the Runic or Scandinavian Language*; and a Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Cottonian Library. It is told of him, in the Biographical Dictionary, that when the Emperor Alexander, on going over the Library, happened to remark, that the Museum at Paris contained more curiosities, he (Mr. P.) replied, "Your Majesty should consider, that we have nothing here but what has been honestly bought and paid for."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, &c. IN FRANCE.

NO. VII.

On the Customs and Ancient Traditions of the Department of Gironde, &c. &c.
The Celtic Language.—This language was

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once spoken in Aquitaine. It ceased about the sixth century, at the invasion of the Vascons, or Gascons, who, in course of time, caused their language to be adopted in this country. There are in this province a multitude of towns and villages the names of which end in *ac*, thus preserving their Celtic termination.

The Divining Rod.—As late as the year 1800, says M. Caila, I have seen pretended conjurers, provided with a hazel rod with a slit in it, go to seek for springs, observing certain mysterious ceremonies, and persuading the credulous, that the rod moved itself, and turned round in their hands when the spring was discovered. I have seen (he adds) a very excellent well, which was not dug till after the indication of the rod had been obtained.

Virtue of the Male Infant.—The inhabitants of the country situated between the Garonne and the Dordogne, commonly called *l'Entre deux Mers* (between two seas), are persuaded that a male infant which has not known its father, has the power to remove wens by touching them three mornings following; the patient not having broken his fast, and having repeated some prayers.

They also believe, that if five male infants are born in immediate succession, the fifth has the power of curing disorders of the spleen by the simple touch, repeated three following mornings, and some prayers being recited on the occasion.

Foreign Colony.—In 1524 the plague carried off a great part of the inhabitants of the districts situated on both banks of the Drot, a small river which empties itself into the Garonne. Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre, and lord of this country, in order to repair the loss of people, ordered that new colonists should come from Poitou and the Angoumois, whose manners, customs, and language, appeared so strange to the ancient inhabitants, that they called the new-comers *Gavaches*, a Spanish term signifying dirty and poor. This nickname still attaches to their descendants, who preserve the customs of their ancestors, and even their language. In some of the small towns of this country, there are streets, on one side of which the Gascon is spoken, and on the other, the dialect of Saintongeais and the Angoumois.

The Pilgrimage.—In the arrondissement of la Réole, there is a church called Verdelaïs, from the Celtic *ver*, signifying large, and *laye*, wood, or large wood. It is related, that Assalide de Grailly, countess of Benauges, who lived in the thirteenth century, passing by Verdelaïs, the mule which she rode suddenly stopped, struck the ground violently with its feet, and fell on its knees before a cave, in which a small wooden statue was buried. This was considered a miracle; and the countess accordingly built a church in the same place, and called it Our Lady of Luc, and Our Lady of the Wood. This chapel was destroyed in 1393 and 1558, but again rebuilt in 1623. Our Lady of the Wood attracted, for many ages, a prodigious number of pilgrims: and even to the time of the Revolution, the stone was exhibited on which the mule that discovered the little statue had deeply impressed the mark of his foot. Women disappointed in their hopes of a family placed great confidence in this Notre Dame. They came from all parts to pay their devotions to her, passing one entire night in the church in fervent prayer.

Fair of the Blind.—There are held every year, in the canton of Bernos, in Medoc, two fairs, called the fairs of the blind; and hither is brought the refuse of the cattle from all parts

of the country. The sales, purchases, and exchanges, are only made by torch-light, the traders holding a glass of wine in their hands. All possible methods, every snare, every trick, and every finesse, are put in practice mutually to deceive one another; it often happens that the same animals pass through many hands in the same night, and at last come back to those who first sold them.

The Staff of St. Roch.—Bordeaux, often afflicted by the plague, held St. Roch in great veneration. The religious of the Carmelite monastery pretended to possess his staff, and sold every year the guardianship of it, in the presence of a public officer, to the highest bidder, and then went in procession to deposit it with the fortunate purchaser. This person was generally found among the butchers, and he never thought he could pay too high a price for the keeping of so precious a relic. M. de Ciof, formerly archbishop of Bordeaux, suppressed this superstitious custom in the year 1775.

Customs of the Department of the Ile-et-Vilaine.

WHEN the hay is carried, the young people go together to the meadows on Sundays, after dinner, to play at prison-bars, and various other games. The marriages at carnival time, when the harvest of corn and flax is finished, are celebrated with feasts, at which the rules of sobriety are not very strictly observed; and these repasts are terminated with dancing. In the arrondissement of Montfort, the young women meet together in the winter in a house to spin; and the young men always join them after the labours of the day are completed: here they chat, and sing, and tell old tales; and this they call going to the *fillois*, or spinning-meetings.

Formerly, in almost every village a *feu-de-joie* was fired on the eve of St. John's day; but this custom is almost extinct. At St. Méen, Iffs, St. Uniac, and in many other communes, springs, for which the inhabitants have preserved a sort of veneration, are placed under the protection of certain saints. In almost every part of the country there are old women who offer pretended recipes for every kind of disease: these remedies are composed usually of simples, and are, if we may believe M. Deric, a remnant of the medicine of the Druids.

Language.—The language of the farmers is a kind of old French, varying in different parts. In the southern countries, particularly, they speak the French of the time of Joinville, who flourished in the thirteenth century: but the guttural and hissing pronunciation belongs to the Celtic; many words of which they have retained, mostly names of places, in all their original purity.

Customs of the Environs of Bonneval, Department of Eure-et-Loire.

Of Meetings held round Trees, Fountains, and Stones, at certain periods.—The custom which existed of holding meetings round a tree, a stone, or a fountain, was so firmly rooted in the people, that the Christian clergy were compelled either to appropriate these ancient customs by giving them a Christian direction, or to punish those who practised them. Hence the following statute of Charlemagne was passed to proscribe the meetings just alluded to:—"With respect to the trees, stones, and fountains, where certain foolish people assemble, and light up candles, and practise other superstitions; we do ordain that this abuse, so criminal and so detestable in the eyes of God, be abolished and destroyed, wherever it may be found to be established."

"If any infidels be found (says another statute) in any parish who light up torches, and pay devotion to trees, to fountains, and to stones, the curé who neglects to correct this abuse shall be considered guilty of veritable sacrilege."

"You go (says one of the canons collected by the Bishop of Worms) to a fountain, a public way, under a tree, or before a stone, and there, on account of your veneration for this place, you light up a candle."

Popular Superstitions.—If the farmer has a hen which crows like a cock, it is immediately killed or sold, to prevent any misfortune happening to the family.

If they meet, in travelling along the roads, with an odd number of magpies, it is considered that some calamity will befall them; and all the reasoning in the world will not persuade them to abandon this idea.

Of the Castle of Robardière and its Ghost.—On the southern edge of the forest of Dreux are the ruins of an ancient fortress, said to have been built by the Count Robert, on the foundation of a Druidical temple; and Termincourt, where it is presumed there was once a college of Druids, is situated at the foot of this hill.

The vaults of this very strongly built castle are not yet fully explored; their depth is unknown; and although many persons have descended into them, they have not been able to find where they terminate: they are supposed to communicate with the subterraneous passages of the castle of Dreux, which is about five miles from Robardière.

These vaults are supposed to be under the protection of a ghost or demon, who has been appointed the guardian of an immense treasure concealed in them. The good folks of the neighbourhood, who believe they have seen this spirit, have no fear of him, for they pretend that he is very good, and even obliging; and that he is only formidable to those who intend to steal his treasures.

Sometimes he is beheld under the form of a winged dragon, sometimes he appears as a luminous globe, but more frequently as a white man, or as one clothed in linen. The woodmen are certain that they have witnessed this white man seated on the ruins of the castle, or at the foot of the largest oak in the forest. Such is the description of this phantom, by those who have been so fortunate as to see it—a favour not granted to every one.

The white man is from six to eight feet in height, and clothed in a white robe, made like the sacerdotal alb; he is sometimes covered with an extremely white fleece of the sheep. His feet are always naked, and his head is generally covered with a white veil; sometimes it is bare, and then his flaxen locks fall down upon his shoulders, and his forehead is covered with leaves. He carries a long staff or pole in his hand. He is supposed to appear in his best attire on the festivals of the Virgin, and particularly on those of the Conception and Nativity of our Saviour.

The treasure of which the white man is the guardian is said to be contained in a cave or vault secured with iron doors, which open once a year, during the celebration of the midnight mass. Any one may then enter and enrich himself as much as he pleases; but the mass once finished, the iron doors close immediately; and we betide him who is enclosed in the cavern! Many instances are adduced of persons who have suddenly become rich in consequence of visiting this mysterious vault; and of others who have met an untimely end by

staying too long within its precincts—unfortunate victims to avarice, upon whom the massy iron doors have closed for ever!

Such is the popular superstition relating to the castle of Robardière, much of which may be traced to Druidism, the ancient religion of the Gauls.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

OUR prediction respecting *Isidore di Merida* has been fulfilled. The opera—or rather Mrs. Glossop—has drawn money, and will draw more. In resuming our notice of this piece, we will commence by declaring that it is, in our opinion, the very worst thing of its kind (we speak of it as a drama) that has ever been produced in our remembrance, and escaped instant and complete condemnation. That it should have been received not only without a dissenting voice, but positively with acclamations, is one of those miracles which are sometimes worked at Drury Lane Theatre, where certainly either the most indulgent or the most indifferent playgoers in the world do chiefly congregate; and can only be attributed to the effect produced by Mrs. Glossop, as we mentioned last week, and the absence of any thing violently offensive. We trust to be believed when we say “we are not stocks and stones.” Nothing more cruelly annoys us than being obliged to witness or report the failure of any piece, knowing as we do the many, many interests that are involved in its fate, and the enormous risks which the proprietor or the lessee of a large theatrical establishment must daily, almost hourly, run. After this avowal, it may seem inconsistent to declare that we regret some signs of dissatisfaction were not manifested against the miserable vehicle for Storace’s music which has been dignified with the name of an opera. We assure our readers it is not because we love Drury less, but that we love the Drama more. It is the practice of our critical brethren to exclaim on these occasions, “The piece itself is beneath notice; but any thing will do for an opera, &c. &c.” We protest vehemently against this decision. In this golden age of literature, what glorious opportunities present themselves for marrying music to immortal verse! Why are we to tolerate trash, when poetry, true poetry, is to be had almost for the asking? when there is a glut of it in the market? What a channel for its consumption offers itself in English Opera! Mr. Dimond himself, who has inflicted on us the worthless compositions of *Isidore di Merida* and the *Seraglio*, can write sensibly and respectably when he chooses. We have read some highly creditable verse from his pen. Why is he to be lulled by careless or contemptible critics into so unworthy a belief? The old saying of, “the bird that can sing and won’t sing,” is strictly applicable to his case: and while we might be tempted to overlook the offences of an unpractised hand, and to pity the incapable, we are indignant at the wanton insult offered to the taste and judgment of our metropolitan audiences by one from whom they have a right to expect better things. That we do not speak without some reason, witness the following quotations, taken at random:—

“Come, aid me, sky deities,
Come, looks, and smiles, and sighs,
A heart that all of ice is,
With tender warmth surprise.”
“Hail, land where cliff and castle vie
To lift the stranger’s wond’ring eye.”
“And now her heaving heaven of charms
Are circled by his glowing arms.”

We have another quarrel with Mr. Dimond. We consider it a great piece of impertinence in him to write new words to the fine old ballad of *Lullaby*, and to the air originally sung by Sedgwick, “Where the silent waters roam.” The words now sung to the latter, beginning “Plunged in a dungeon deep and drear,” have not the slightest affinity to the music, which expresses the flowing of water; and therefore the greatest injustice is done to the composer. Such liberties would hardly have been excusable had he even improved upon the original verse—as he has taken them, it is downright sacrilege. We have expressed ourselves at such length upon this subject, that we must dismiss the rest of our notice in the fewest words possible. Suffice it, then, to say, that Mrs. Glossop has established her claim to be considered a most extraordinary, if not a most pleasing singer. Braham gives some very good and some very indifferent music in his own unapproachable style; and Harley bustles through a pointless part with his accustomed tact and vivacity. The duet between him and Mrs. Glossop deserves, from their execution of it, the encore it nightly meets with. We are happy in being able to pour balm into the wounds we lately inflicted on Mr. Webster. His acting of the drunken Spalatro deserves our unqualified approbation: and although he may consider it an odd way of shewing our favour, we assure him that our visitation of peccadilloes is always increased in severity in proportion to our conviction of the offender’s power, and therefore duty, to avoid them. After playing a part so judiciously as he has done Spalatro, we give him fair warning, he has no mercy to expect from us. It requires a great stretch of our good nature to forgive the introduction and mangling of the beautiful French air from *Marie*, “Eh! vogue la nacelle,” by Miss I. Paton. The words, as in the above instance, of “Where the silent waters,” being totally at variance with the character of the music.

Mr. and Mrs. Bedford, Mr. J. Russell, Miss Grant, and Mr. Bland, supported to the best of their abilities the characters allotted to them. Some of the scenery, by Stanfield, is very beautiful; but, as a whole, it falls far short of Robert’s splendid display in the *Seraglio*, at Covent Garden.

On Saturday night, after the second performance of the opera, a new interlude, translated, we understand, by Mr. Howard Payne, from the French vaudeville, *Les Deux Mousquetaires*, was produced, under the title of the *Lancers*. It is the merest possible trifle, and turns upon the following incident:—Two officers of a lancer regiment, *Captains Lenox and Belton*, having run deeply into debt, are gradually disencumbered of their wardrobes, till nothing remains of them but the full dress uniform in which, during the last seizure, they were present at a review. Captain Lenox’s only jacket standing in need of repair, is sent to the tailor, who detains it, in order to compel payment, leaving the gallant officer to shiver in his shirt sleeves. Being obliged to go out, he borrows the jacket of Belton, who is suddenly surprised in his coatless state by *Admiral Elquette* and *Louisa Marston*, the lady of his (Belton’s) affections. The admiral, who is as prompt as he is punctilious, insists upon their immediate marriage; and his indignation at Belton’s appearing attired for the solemn ceremony in a morning-gown (his only resource) is excessive.—He is on the point of breaking off the match, when Lenox, who has received a remittance of money, most opportunely redeems his own jacket, and with it the happiness of his

despairing friend and brother officer.—The two lancers and Belton’s servant were pleasantly played by Jones, Cooper, and Webster; and before the critic could become surly, the piece was over, and given out for repetition, amidst quite as much applause as the translator had a right to anticipate.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Wednesday evening the *Winter’s Tale* was revived at this theatre, apparently for the purpose of introducing a Mr. Diddear to a London audience. The choice of Polixines for an opening part argued in favour of the modesty of this gentleman; and the little he had to do in it was done sensibly and gracefully. His figure and person are manly, his voice deep, and his action easy and appropriate; his delivery is somewhat of the slowest, and he has a slight tendency to mouthing, which he would do well to correct. We must see him in something else before we can venture to pronounce decidedly respecting him. At present we can only say, that, provided he has a little more spirit and vivacity in store for lighter parts, he is likely to be a very useful actor—the next best thing to being a very great one. He is said to be the brother of Mrs. Faucit, whose performance of *Hermione* was highly creditable. Young’s *Leontes* was an unequal performance. His last scene was the best. We really do not mean because it was his last, but because he looked, and spoke, and acted more like a king. “Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar,” is an excellent precept, which Mr. Young seemed to have forgotten in his earlier scenes. His first dress, too, was most unbecoming and tasteless—of no form, and of every colour; he looked “a king of shreds and patches.” The whole play, indeed, is badly off in this respect; but we suppose the violent anachronisms and incongruities which disfigure its exquisite poetry would render the revision of its costume (on the plan lately adopted at this theatre), difficult, if not impossible. Blanchard and Keeley were admirable, as the old shepherd and his son. Fawcett’s *Autolycus* was a pleasant performance; but not to compare to Munden’s. Mrs. Chatterley played the warm-hearted *Paulina* with great spirit. Miss Jarman and Mr. Raymond are any thing but the *Florizel* and *Perdita* of Shakespeare. Miss Goward and Miss H. Cawse sang very sweetly; and Bartley dandled a baby like an experienced wet-nurse: it was all he had to do, and no body could have done it better.

ADELPHI.

A PARODY of the *Gamblers*, entitled the *Elbow Shakers*, was brought forward here on Monday. Our kindly feeling towards the worthy and spirited proprietors of this most pleasant place of public amusement, will only permit us to say, that we sincerely trust they will never again suffer their stage to be polluted by such a compound of dullness and vulgarity. Even a pig, who played a principal character in it, felt his degradation, and squeaked loudly for relief, though roasting was the dreadful alternative!

VARIETIES.

Abstinence from Food.—The Italian journals state a most miraculous instance of abstinence from food, at Racconiggi, about forty miles from Turin, where, it is asserted, there is a female living who has taken no nourishment for two years. Her name is Anna Garbero,

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and her appearance resembles that of a perfect skeleton, covered with shrivelled parchment. The accounts published seem to scout the idea of any imposition being practised.

Western Literary and Scientific Institution.—At the half-yearly meeting of this useful institution, on Monday, at their rooms in Leicester Square, a very satisfactory report was received of their progress hitherto. The funds have considerably increased; and so has the library, by many donations. The number of subscribing members, at two pounds per annum, is now 714, exclusive of "sixty-one ladies' tickets."

Printers' Pension Society.—The meeting, which we noticed in our last, was held on Monday. Alderman Venables addressed it; and having in a feeling manner described the sufferings to which the class were exposed, for whose benefit the Society was instituted, expressed his hope, that not only persons connected with the trade, but the public generally, would give it their support. Mr. Bleadon read a gratifying report of the subscriptions, the state of the fund, &c.; and rules for the management of the Society were adopted, on the motion of Alderman Crowder. We need hardly repeat our commendation of this excellent and humane purpose to the lovers of literature: the poor printer, when in distress, in old age, or in poverty—his orphans, or his widow, are objects well worthy of their regard.

The Giraffe.—Why should the name Zura-pa be more fitting to this animal than Camelopard?—The late J. L. Burkhart, in his *Travels in Nubia*, speaks of this animal: he writes, "In the mountains of Dender, towards the Athara, six or eight journeys south-east of Shendi, the giraffa is found; in Arabic *zerafa*, that is, *the elegant*." Major Denham saw herds of them in the neighbourhood of the lake Shary, where it was known by the same Arabic name. He speaks of the pace of these animals as being extremely awkward. Le Vaillant must have known its Arabic name, which he Frenchified into giraffe. The similarity between the zerafa and the camel is certainly very slight; the latter, however useful, being the reverse of elegant. G. W.

The Mammoth.—All natural philosophers know that the bones of the mammoth, which are common in some parts of the temperate climates, are still more so in the coldest parts of Europe and Asia; but they also know that hitherto the fossil bones of elephants, so common in latitudes in which those animals cannot live in the present day, have never been discovered in the countries which they now inhabit. The recent discovery, therefore, of the fossil bones of mammoths in the Birman empire, one of the hottest regions of Asia, will be a subject of great meditation to the geologist and the natural philosopher. It will be a matter of much curiosity, to ascertain whether the species to which they have belonged, be identically the same as the species the remains of which have been discovered in cold countries.

The Ancient Stadium.—A comparison of various standards of the ancient Egyptian cubit, which have been discovered at different periods, commencing with the year 1799, has led to the establishment of the true length of the stadium (of 700 to a degree) known to geographers by the name of the stadium of Eratosthenes. This discovery has afforded the means of comparing the length of the terres-

trial degree measured by Eratosthenes, with that which the actually ascertained figure of the earth gives. It appears that the length, as obtained by that celebrated geometer, whose labours justly excited the admiration of antiquity, was the mean length between those now obtained at 45° and at the equator, and that it exactly accords with the position of the places situated between Alexandria and Syrene; the extreme points of the arc measured by Eratosthenes.

Artificial Pupils.—A very favourable report has been made at Paris by a committee of the Académie des Sciences, on a paper by a Dr. Faure, with respect to the best mode of producing artificial pupils in the eye. Dr. Faure prefers removing a portion of the iris, to the simple incision of that membrane, and the separation (*décollement*) of a part of its great circumference. The size of the portion removed must of course depend upon circumstances.

Answer to a "Curious Fact."—A correspondent informs us, that the rotatory movement of a watch-glass when passing down a highly polished inclined plane (see our last *Gazette*), may be simply explained on the principles of gravity. If the watch-glass be placed on a plane that is perfectly smooth and horizontal, and the precise point of contact marked, the centre of gravity will be in a line passing through that point; when the plane is inclined, it will appear that this centre will change its situation, the effort of the glass to recover which, will force down the upper part of the circumference; as the surfaces of the moving body and the inclined plane are both smooth, and a medium of water is drawn about the point of contact, the slightest impulse communicated by a change of position will induce the motion, which, when commenced, will continue with accelerated velocity. To render this more evident, let a point in that part of the circumference which is nearest the top of the plane be supposed to be brought down to a point diametrically opposite by the action of gravity, it will have acquired a power of ascent equal to that with which it descended, and the cause of motion still existing, namely, the inclination of the plane, it will thus continue its rotation till it meets with sufficient obstruction to arrest its progress. There is another peculiarity connected with this pleasing experiment, that the course of the convex glass is always oblique, which may be thus accounted for: the centre of gravity of the body describes a revolution round the newly acquired centre, which revolution generates a centrifugal force; this, acting in opposition to gravity, the body obeys neither, but pursues a course compounded of the two.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Vice Anonymous!—The system of anonymous publication has become so prevalent, that in looking over a single (though certainly very active) publisher's list of announcements, we find it difficult to appropriate the various works to their respective or reputed authors. And if this hold with a Reviewer, what must be the state of happy ignorance in which common readers are steeped! To enlighten them, we add a few guesses, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

Yes and No; by the author of *Matilda*, alias Lord Nor-mandy.

The Night Watch; unknown to us—scribed to Capt. Glasscock and others.

Reminiscences of a Young Fencible; book-work.

George Godfrey, a Smollett sort of production, by the author of several novels; though here, we have reason to think, trying a new ground, incognito.

Yesterday in Ireland; by the author of *To-Day* in Ireland, alias Mr. Crowe.

Herbert Lacy; by the author of *Granby*, alias Mr. Lister.

Sketches of the Irish Bary; Mr. Shiel, and, perhaps, in part Mr. Curran.

East and West; unknown to us—not Lady C. Bury, though mentioned in her *Filiration*.

Russell, or Our Way in Town; by the author of a *Winter in London*, Mr. Surr.

The Opera, a Story of the Beau Monde; unknown to us—scribed to the Hon. H. Stanhope.

The Rout; unknown.

The Third Series of Sayings and Doings; Mr. Theodore Hook.

Reminiscences of Henry Angelo; edited by Mr. Pyne, the writer of *Wine and Walnuts*.

Sabbath, a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future; ascribed to Mr. Croly.

Tales of Passion; by the author of *Gilbert Earle*, alias Mr. St. Leger.

A new Work by the author of the O'Hara Tales, alias Mr. Bannin.

The Clubs of London, put together.

A prospectus has been issued for publishing two Plates, twenty-four inches by eighteen, of the memorable Battle of Navarino, from drawings made by J. Theophilus Lee, Esq., under the immediate inspection of Lord Inglestrie, who brought home the despatches, &c., from plans and drawings made by his lordship and other officers who were in the action. It is noticed as a remarkable coincidence, that at the period when the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, was Lord High Admiral, the French fleet were united with the English. "We now again (adds the writer) find them so under the administration of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral of England; and the plates will shew the cordiality with which each nation rivalled the other in affording mutual support."

Mr. Emerson, already favourably known by his writings respecting Greece, has, we understand, nearly ready a history of the Greek Revolution, from its commencement in 1821, down to the period of the battle of Navarino; with maps, plans of fortresses, &c. &c. Mr. Emerson, from having visited the country, having access to the documents of the Greek Committee, and other advantages, should produce a sterling work on this interesting epocha. A cheap and handsome pocket edition of Byron's Poems, in four volumes, printed by Davison, with engravings by Finden, and woodcuts by Brooke, is announced by Mr. Murray.

Mr. Leigh Hunt is about to produce a work in quarto, entitled *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*. Report says that the late noble bard is treated with great causticity in this volume by his quondam friend and admirer.

Mr. J. Jones, of the Inner Temple, has in the press *Longinus, a Tragedy in Five Acts—the Funeral of the Right Hon. George Canning—and other Poems*.

New Almanack.—The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have announced a new Almanack, under their auspices, which, instead of old credulities, &c. &c., is to contain scientific tables and facts of practical utility. A Companion to the Almanack is also to appear as early as possible.

The Second Volume of Britton's *Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London*, with 73 Engravings, will be ready on the 1st of January.

We understand that Mr. Oakley has in the press a small volume entitled *Aphorisms from Shakespeare*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Herbert Lacy, by the Author of *Granby*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—**Herbert Milton**, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—**Tredgold on Steam Engines**, 4to. 21. 2s. bds.—**Tales of a Grandfather**, by Sir W. Scott, 3 vols. 18mo. 10s. 6d. hf.-bd.—**Early Recollections**, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—**Lytle's Ancient Ballads and Songs**, 18mo. 7s. cloth.—**Abercrombie on Diseases of the Brain**, 8vo. 12s. bds.—**Lothian's Expository Lectures**, 8vo. 12s. bds.—**Rede's Memoirs of Canning**, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—**New London Gazetteer**, 8vo. 12. 1s. bds.—**Wilcock's Office of Constable**, 8vo. 7s. bds.—**West's Reports of Chancellor Hardwick**, Vol. 1. royal 8vo. 12. 10s. bds.—**Matthew's Compendium of Gas-Lighting**, 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—**Notes of a Book-worm**, 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—**Pugin and Le Keux's Architectural Antiquities of Normandy**, No. IV.; the work complete, medium 4to. 6s. 6d.; imperial 4to. 10s. 10s.—**Royal Blue-Book**; or, *Fashionable Directory for 1829*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
November.	From 29. to 30.	29.34 to 29.46
Thursday .. 29	— 27. — 52.	29.46 — Stat.
Friday .. 30	— 37. — 52.	—
December.		
Saturday .. 1	— 41. — 53.	29.08 — 29.97
Sunday .. 2	— 46. — 41.	29.06 — 29.28
Monday .. 3	— 40. — 46.	29.63 — 29.78
Tuesday .. 4	— 37. — 44.	29.74 — 29.84
Wednesday 5	— 45. — 57.	29.30 — 29.80

Wind variable, prevailing S.W.

Generally cloudy and raining.

Rain fallen, 9 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude .. 51° 37' 38" N.

Longitude .. 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

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J. T. D. should address Mr. Bromley.

Mr. Molinoux will find the review in Number 569, August 18.

† The Persian word *torqueus* is of similar import.

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